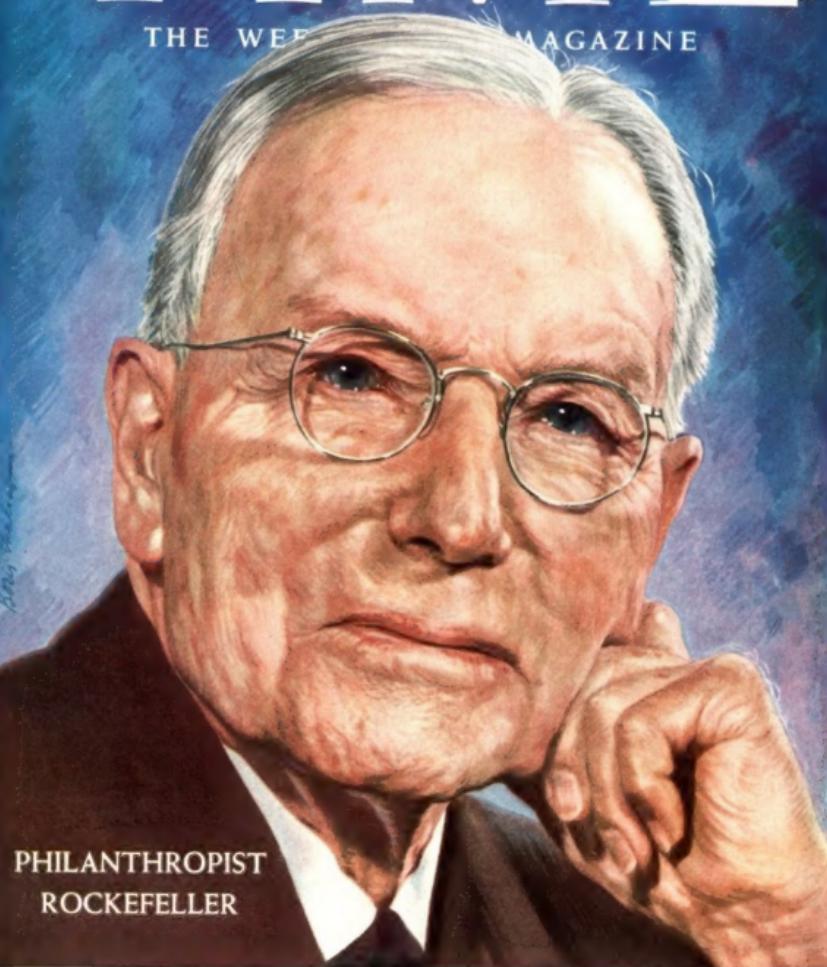


TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 24, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



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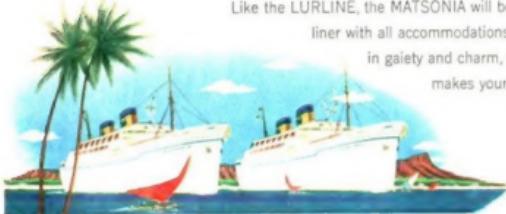


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LETTERS

Back to School

Sir:

The latest outbursts of racial violence in the South have filled me with shame and disgust. This mob violence and mass hysteria has no justification and to poison the minds of children with hatred and bigotry is nothing less than atrocious! Instead of hanging effigies, these mobs should hang their heads in shame.

Laurie Lormé

Dallas

Sir:

Now that school is starting again, and little kids all over the world will be studying about our great American democracy, wouldn't it be a kind gesture for Congress to add an asterisk to that phrase about Liberty, Equality and Justice for all saying: "Except Negroes"? It would do so much to help relieve all the confusion and doubt the world over about our being a nation of hypocrites.

Lewis J. Stoffer

Cincinnati

Judgments & Prophecies

Sir:

I have never heard of Murray Kempton of the New York *Post* before, and if it is humanly possible I shall never hear of him again. His editorial on Vice President Nixon in your Sept. 3 issue is about the most crude and pointless piece of writing it has been my misfortune to read. Mr. Kempton is frantically groping to find a point on which to criticize when he must resort to making vulgar and sneering remarks on the Vice President's dress. Constructive criticism is good for everyone, but Murray Kempton's ill-chosen words are offensive and insulting to every decent-minded American, whether he be Democrat or Republican.

Jill Wakeman

Hillsborough, Calif.

Sir:

Running David Lawrence's item immediately following Murray Kempton's was extremely vicious. Kempton's article, which is typical of the absurd and insubstantial material utilized as verbal bombast by Nixon, adequately proves Lawrence's contention that the renomination of Nixon was a vindication of the Vice President over the long "whispering campaign" about his lack of integrity". The Democrats, not unlike the Communist propagandists in their techniques of untruthful and slanderous invective against Nixon, have yet to provide evidence from

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LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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Volume LXVIII
Number 13

TIME
September 24, 1956

which they can justify the vilification of the Vice President.

CORRY J. BAIER

Honolulu

Sir:

Kempton's scurrilous remarks spur me on to campaign even harder for Vice President Nixon's re-election this fall.

JANET STARR

San Diego, Calif.

Tennessee Foist

Sir:

How long, O Tennessee, will you foist upon the other 47 such as Estes and Frankie Clement?

LILLIAN ROUNTREE

Lubbock, Texas

Sir:

The neatest dismissal of the keynote speech at the Democrat Convention was made from the pulpit by a Jacksonville minister, who said: "Mr. Clement has slain the Republican Party with the jawbone of an ass."

HARRIET VAN WAGENEN

Green Cove Springs, Fla.

Convention Aftermath

Sir:

Nothing better illustrates TIME's inflexible political position than its [Aug. 27] paragraphs describing the presidential candidates: from President Eisenhower came "the clear tones of a political leader turning squarely to the future" while TIME found Adlai "scurrying from caucus room to caucus room." We can be weary certain that had Eisenhower had to solicit delegate support he would have "strode vigorously" in quest of it.

NANCY OSUI

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

The legend of "Joe Smith" rolls on, over the bodies of squashed Harold Stassen and trampled Terry Carpenter, right on the heels of Davy Crockett but not without at least one dissent. Sure, all the Joe Smiths deserve representation, but there are already a lot of "common" politicians to give it to him without inventing another one.

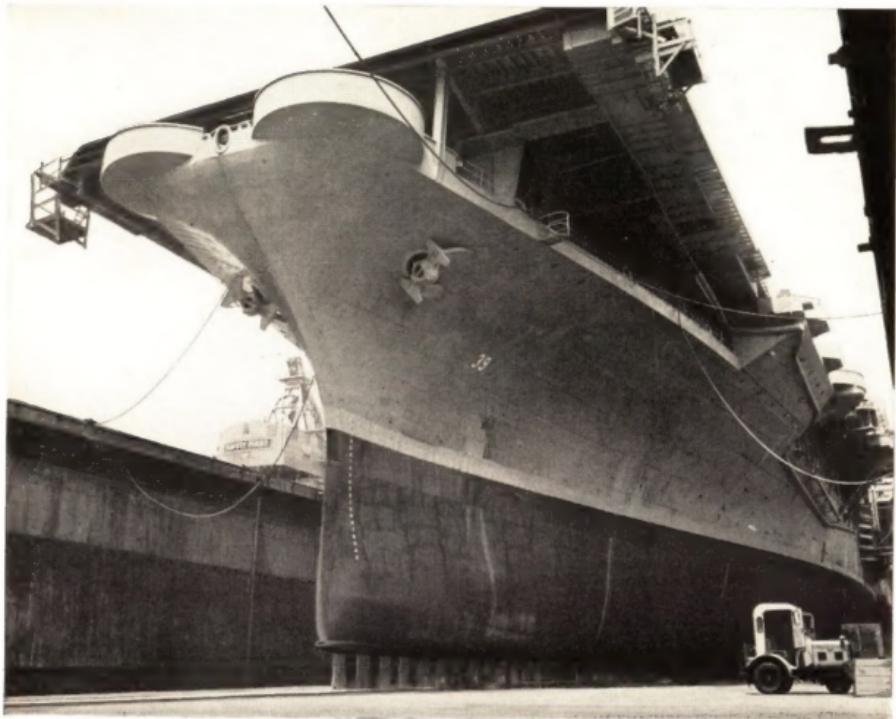
JACQUELINE CARTER

Kankakee, Ill.

How to Win Fiends

Sir:

I read about Dr. Stein's psychoanalyses of the six modern witches [Sept. 3] with a feeling of sadness for them and for the doctor



hull job

A carrier like the Lake Champlain gets one every three years—a major job on her hull that takes more than three hundred men as much as three weeks to complete.

They begin by stripping away 85,000 square feet of marine growth and seaweed—something like twenty-one tons of underwater drag on her speed and endurance.

Then they sandblast down to bare metal, caulk every leaking rivet or seam, and thoroughly check bearing shafts, rudder clearances, propellers.

After that, it's repainting. Seven dif-

ferent coats, nearly eighteen tons of paint—and at last the "Champ" is ready for sea.

A big job, true. But certainly worth it. For the increased speed, the increased cruising range, the long-term savings to the Navy.

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to pick up stocks along the way that no longer serve their best interests. If you've just been drifting along with your own investment program . . .

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also, to whom they were "loathsome hags." Let's hope that in time he and others like him in the Jung school will come to see such women less as fiends and more as suffering human beings.

NANCY SOMMERS

Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Is Dr. Stein smacking his lips in animal desire, analytical discipline, or senile wishful thinking?

HELEN LESCISIN

Los Angeles

Sir:

It's absolutely frightening to read the ramblings of Dr. Stein. He obviously is in need of a good analyst himself . . .

DOROTHY THORNE

Los Angeles

Schoolhouse of the August Moon

Sir:

Having served with the University of the Ryukyus project on Okinawa, I am sure that some of the student demonstrations (Sept. 31) reflect more of a confused and growing spirit of nationalism than rabid anti-Americanism. Indeed, the Okinawans have been blessed by a most generous handout at all levels, and, now being so much in our debt, struggle to become independent in thought and action.

A few more men like Henry Earl Difenderfer—who will "beg if necessary" for the continuation of higher educational opportunities for a fine-spirited citizenry all but crushed by the mighty military machine of the U.S.A.—and our reputation in the Orient would be greatly enhanced.

RONALD D. JONES

Wheaton, Ill.

Notes on the Northwest

Sir:

Without commenting further on your Sept. 3 report on Washington State's Governor Langlie, I could not help noticing the background scenery on the cover showing a hydroelectric power dam and transmission lines. A picture of Governor Langlie against such a background is like a picture of the proverbial fox guarding the chickens.

CLIFTON W. COLLINS

Ephrata, Wash.

Sir:

In view of Governor Langlie's stand on public power, a more appropriate background would include an expanse of sagebrush wasteland with kerosene lamps rampant.

JEAN KENNEDY

Vancouver, Wash.

¶ Power-conscious Arthur Langlie is not against public power *per se*, is opposed to the Federal Government's pre-emption of power projects where local public and private power groups could accomplish the same job.—Ed.

Joy Unconfined

Sir:

The last three issues of TIME mentioned something about the precious lives of Marilyn Monroe, Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren. It seems a waste of tender care on such rawbust girls.

F. G. DE LA RIVA

Madrid

Banker's Policy

Sir:

In discussing the effect of tight money on the loan policy of a local bank, I pointed out to your correspondent that banks, under

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO COMMON COLD SUFFERERS!

Bufferin[®] relieves cold miseries twice as fast as aspirin—and doesn't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

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This means Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to make a cold sufferer feel better.

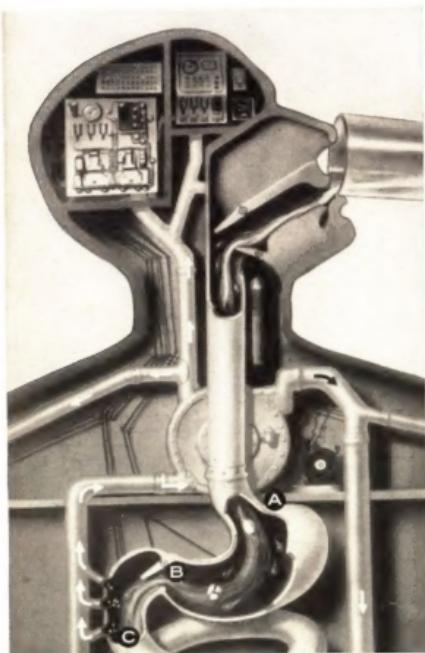
Clinical tests reveal that stomach upsets often follow the taking of aspirin. But you can keep taking Bufferin—with a clear conscience—until you feel better. *Continuous* doses won't upset your stomach.

Amount of pain reliever in blood stream shows how Bufferin acts faster to relieve pain

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C Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And hospital tests show Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.



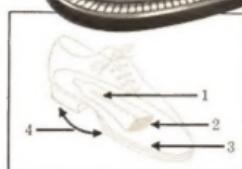
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such circumstances, necessarily become more selective in making loans. However, my quotation [“When money is scarce, it's the little man who suffers” — Sept. 10] was placed in juxtaposition with a very critical quotation of the system's policy. The strong implication arises that my intention was to criticize the monetary policy of the system, whereas I am strongly in favor of that policy. On the whole, your article was excellent . . .

JOHN A. SIBLEY
Board Chairman

Trust Company of Georgia
Atlanta

Views on Judaism

Sir:

Your Sept. 10 footnote reference to my book on Professor Toynbee's *A Study of History* makes it appear that I am angry with Toynbee because his "vast general categories of civilization and his characterization of Jewish culture as 'fossilized reflex' fail to explain the extraordinary phenomenon of Jewish survival." This misrepresents me. I am angry with Toynbee because I believe (and think I have proved in my book) that his views on Judaism and the Jewish people are heavily tinged with anti-Semitism. His scholarship in the Jewish and some other fields does not move me to anger but to derision.

MAURICE SAMUEL

New York City

Querulous Fusspots

Sir:

Your Sept. 3 issue on Israeli Scientist Zarchin defines *nudnik* as a "pedantic fusspot." There are many delicate shades of meaning in the word, and True's definition may well fall within its subtle nuances, but I have always been brought up to think of and to use the word as meaning simply "a bore."

SAUL DORFMAN

Chicago

Sir:

A *nudnik* is a bothersome, querulous crank.

LAWRENCE B. HULACK

Trenton, N.J.

Sir:

A *nudnik* is a common pest. I have been termed one many times by my parents.

MARK LIEBERMAN

Paterson, N.J.

Canal Crisis

Sir:

Why wasn't the Suez matter taken immediately to the U.N.? Were Eden and Pineau afraid they could not find sufficiently favorable opinion there? Nasser could hardly have refused a summons from the U.N., while he certainly could ignore a conference of hand-picked delegates.

MARIE PETERSON McDONALD
Glendale, Mont.

Sir:

Give the canal to Egypt as a moral debt long overdue. Long live President Nasser.

[THE REV.] JOHN R. HOESMAN
The Moravian Church
Canadensis, Pa.

Sir:

The boys down at the firehouse tell me that any day now, as soon as Colonel Nasser realizes Long Island has a county named after him,[®] we clam diggers will wake up to find Egyptian technicians running the Long Island Rail Road.

ROBERT MORRIS

Huntington, N.Y.

[®] Inexplicably spelled Nassau.



One of these eight will go to the hospital this year

It is true that, on the average, one out of every eight Americans will go to the hospital this year. It may be because of accident, sudden illness or need for surgery, or it might be a happy occasion like the birth of a baby. In any event the chances are that you or members of your family will need hospitalization *several* times in the course of your family life.

The cost of illness or injury can be a sudden and staggering blow to the family budget. Not only may there be medical and hospital expenses, but also loss of income. This is why it is well to be prepared for such an emergency . . . to have one of Metropolitan's new Accident and Sickness Policies to help pay for your loss of time from work . . . and, of course, Hospital and Surgical Expense Insurance to help cover the cost of hospital confinement or surgery.

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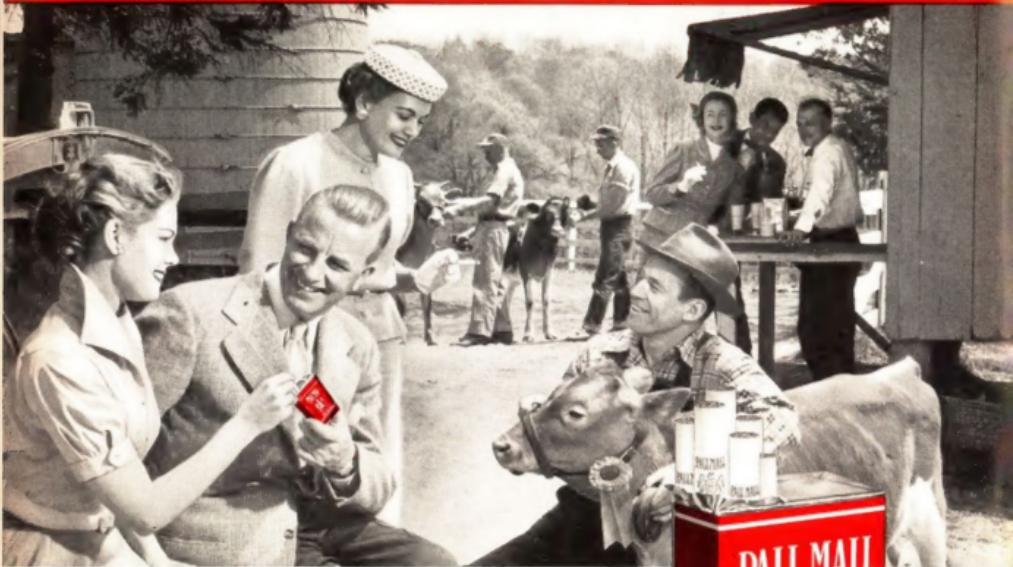
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How to bring a Ghostess back to life by KitchenAid

You know what a "ghostess" is: that's a hostess who disappears right after the meal. And leaves her guests with that awkward choice—pitch in to help with the dishes, or try to ignore those stacks of soiled tableware.

But change the scene just slightly...add a KitchenAid automatic dishwasher...and see the hostess be a part of the party! Now she has *time*. Time for gracious entertaining and living. Time to really enjoy her family. Time for so many of the better things.

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THE NATION

The Long Way Around

In the grey German summer of 1948 Joseph Stalin reached out to strangle helpless Berlin, and U.S. planners, although caught unawares, responded with a monument to man's ingenuity: the Berlin Air Lift. In late summer 1956 Western Europe faces a challenge that dwarfs Stalin's Berlin blockade. The great question: How, if Egypt's President Nasser closes down the Suez Canal—either by force or bungling—will Western Europe get the oil that is blood to its industry and life to its economy? The answer: a Suez Sea Lift.

As in 1948 the burden of action falls on the U.S.—a fact that both Britain's Prime Minister Eden and Secretary of State Dulles clearly recognized in their public statements last week. But this time U.S. planners will not be caught napping. Since last May experts of the State, Commerce, Interior and Defense Departments and the Office of Defense Mobilization have been charting their course. In August, within a fortnight after Colonel Nasser's Suez seizure, the ODM had in hand a general "Plan of Action," now being worked out in detail by a crack Middle East Emergency Committee (made up of representatives from 14 top U.S. oil companies).

Vital Statistics. The plan envisions the most immense operation in oil logistics in human history. The Suez Sea Lift calculates that Western Europe's oil deficit would be made up in two major ways:

1) By routing tankers 11,254 nautical miles around the Cape of Good Hope from Persian Gulf ports to Western Europe. The trip would require more than 30 days, as against the 12- or 13-day journey through the Suez and Mediterranean (see map).

2) By vastly increasing the exports to Western Europe of U.S., Caribbean and Canadian oil.

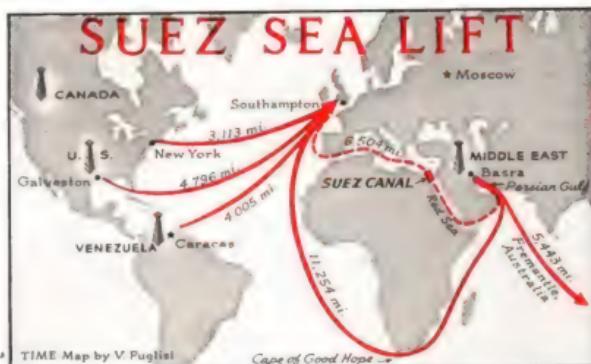
Western Europe's present daily oil imports total about 2,500,000 bbls. Of that, about 2,000,000 bbls., or 80%, come from the Middle East. Tankers carry about 1,200,000 bbls. a day through the Suez; the other 800,000 bbls. are sluiced through pipelines to Mediterranean ports and pumped aboard tankers there. Assuming that Nasser does not succeed in getting his Arab neighbors to cut off the pipelines (which would virtually amount to an act of war), Western Europe can concentrate its worries on finding a way to make up

for the loss of the 1,200,000 bbls. now shipped through the Suez.

The Suez Sea Lift calls for moving some 800,000 bbls. of Middle East oil daily around the Cape of Good Hope—a schedule that U.S. planners consider well within reason. The other 400,000 bbls. would come from increased Western Hemisphere production, most of it from the

against the use of foreign-flag tankers in the U.S. coastal service.

Within 20 minutes after the closing of the Suez Canal, work can start on demobilizing the U.S. reserve tanker fleet (estimated time and cost per ship: two weeks and \$350,000). Within hours, the basic plan for U.S. domestic transport can go into effect. On the high seas all



U.S. Current U.S. production stands at about 7,000,000 bbls. a day—with an available productive capacity of 2,000,000 more. The Venezuelan government last week announced that it stands ready to shove up its oil production by 500,000 bbls. daily (U.S. experts believe, however, that 200,000 would be closer to the feasible mark).

Where the paper work leaves off the grave problems begin. The two greatest: tanker transport and dollars.

Tanker Troubles. There are roughly 2,300 tankers in the world—with about 2,300 of them belonging to the West. The U.S. has about 645 tankers, of which 26 are in mothballs. Twelve more are scheduled for delivery in the near future. Present U.S. pipeline facilities could not handle the additional domestic oil production contemplated by the Suez Sea Lift planners, so barges and railroad tank cars would be pressed into heavy use to move oil from the fields to the ports. Nor are there enough U.S. coastwise tankers to transport more oil from the Gulf Coast to the East Coast, so by Executive Order the U.S. would have to loosen its restriction

loaded tankers will immediately turn their bows toward the United Kingdom and Western Europe, to help take up the slack while the cape shuttle is getting started. With such measures U.S. planners figure that present tanker capacity would supply the West until a crash tanker-construction program could take effect.

Dollar Difficulties. To pay for the added supplies of Western Hemisphere oil, Western Europe would have to spend dollars instead of the sterling that now buys mid-Eastern oil. This would deplete Western Europe's already short dollar reserves by some \$500 million a year. The dollar-short United Kingdom will be hardest hit, faced with some \$300 million of the added costs. Neither the United Kingdom nor the other Western European nations can make the grade without help. The U.S. stands ready to extend the necessary \$500 million to Western Europe in the form of long-term credit from the Export-Import Bank (an offer that Secretary Dulles plans to make in London this week during conferences on the Suez users' plan—see FOREIGN NEWS). A small but perhaps significant contribution

could be made by diverting the \$2,716,000 now extended to Egypt by the International Cooperation Administration.

The Suez Sea Lift, when and if it becomes necessary, will be an expensive, difficult operation that will mean sacrifice by the Western governments and their citizens. But to an even greater extent it will hurt Egypt and its dictator. Most of Egypt's Suez revenues (Nasser said his Suez nationalization would get Egypt \$100 million a year) will be cut off. Other economic sanctions can be utilized. The reduced oil purchases from the Middle East might force some of the petroleum-rich sultans and sheiks to switch from Cadillacs to camels—a turn of events that should cause them to reconsider their support of Nasser. Top U.S. officials are therefore by no means whistling in the dark when they predict that the Suez Sea Lift is the weapon to defeat Nasser without a gun being fired.

ELECTIONS

The Reign in Maine

A Portland attorney named Richard H. Broderick was one of six Portland Democrats running for a seat in the Maine house of representatives. Lawyer Broderick, well aware that his party had not elected a representative to the legislature from Portland since Depression 1934, made no speeches, decided shortly after the campaign began to accept a good job in Los Angeles, packed up and headed West. Last week Broderick got a long-distance telephone call. The gist: come home; you've won.

Broderick was one of many: in the nation's first 1956 general election⁹ the reign in Maine fell plainly on the Democrats. Democratic Governor Edmund S. Muskie, 42, running for a second term against Willis A. Traftan Jr., 37, speaker of the state house of representatives, had been conceded an edge, but he was highly surprised by his 179,697-to-123,784 victory. Lewiston Lawyer and Democratic State Chairman Frank M. Coffin fared even more spectacularly by winning, for the first time in 22 years, the Democratic congressional seat in the industrial (Lewiston) Second District. Democrat James C. Oliver lost his fight for Congressman from the industrial First District (Portland) to five-term Representative Robert Hale by only 28 votes, and may apply for a recount. Democrats won 63 seats in the 134-member state legislature—an increase of 23, six of them in Portland alone—to knock out the Republicans' two-thirds veto power in the house.

"**One Good Term . . .**" How did it happen? For one thing, as Dwight Eisenhower said later, "Maine had a very popular governor." Genial Ed Muskie, son of a Polish immigrant, had turned in a successful administration, programmed improvements in social welfare, education, development of natural resources, asked for a minimum wage law, a new department of



United Press
GOVERNOR MUSKIE & FAMILY⁹
A trend from the precincts.

industry and commerce, and proposed a bond issue to maintain the pace of highway construction. What further fired Maine's independent-minded voters was Muskie's straightforward eggheadedness (Bates '36, Phi Beta Kappa), his ability to discuss convincingly ethical and moral questions. In his campaign he had only to bear down hard on his record, spread his gospel—tagged with a surefire slogan: "One good term deserves another."

But Muskie's popularity was only part of the story. The figures told the rest: the voting strength of both parties was up, but the Democrats were up more. Republican Traftan, for example, polled 10,486

* With daughter Ellen, son Stephen, wife Jane.



Associated Press
CAMPAINER STEVENSON
A hoymaker from Harrisburg.

votes more than 1954's G.O.P. candidate: Muskie pulled in 44,024 more votes than he had gotten in 1954. In the First District, Republican Congressman Hale got 10,700 votes more than in 1954; Democrat Oliver got an additional 14,418. In the newly Democratic Second District, the Republican earned an extra 2,531 votes over 1954, the Democrat an extra 16,350. Only in the predominantly rural Third District did the increase favor a Republican (4,527 v. 2,580).

"**No Comfort.**" Where did the new Democratic votes come from? Washington pundits quickly pointed out that in the Maine cities where the Democrats pulled mightily, labor unions (principally the A.F.L.-C.I.O. textile workers) had done a thorough job of corralling the voters, but in Maine union leaders and on-the-spot reporters denied any unusual activity. Support came in strongly from the throngs of independents who 1) approved of Muskie and 2) did not take a shine to the warnings from Traftan and other Republican candidates that "a vote for Muskie is a vote against Ike." Finally, despite Republican efforts to come up with attractive candidates, e.g., Traftan, the enthusiastic new Democratic organization in Maine was just too fast on its feet for Maine's old-line, footloose Republicans, who too long had dragged their heels on state issues.

Summed up Maine's Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith (who has four more years before facing re-election): "Republicans can take no comfort from the result—whether from the state or the national viewpoint."

DEMOCRATS

Sad Sag

The Democratic campaign bounced merrily and fruitfully through the week—as Maine voters rolled up their victory and Democratic dollars rolled heavily into the campaign fund—but the party's chief candidate conversely seemed to be having his troubles. It was characteristic of Adlai Stevenson's week that whenever he loosened up and turned on the charm, he was a snappy hit; but before TV cameras and big audiences Adlai sadly sagged.

Making the rounds of eight regional party pep gatherings from Santa Fe to Hartford, the Stevenson smile, quip and zip were at their captivating best (said Campaign Manager Jim Finnegan: the meetings were "little short of sensational"). At Manhattan's Ambassador Hotel, where 250 of the best-heeled Democrats turned out to pledge \$350,000 to the fund, the candidate was in fine fettle ("I'm delighted to see a group so distinguished—and so solvent"). In Harrisburg, Pa., he laced his arms around the waists of a couple of "farmerette" Stevenson supporters, joshed away as photographers popped their bulbs ("These aren't cowgirls. These are my girls . . . I think we ought to practice coming in here every night"). He showed perhaps a more profitable political acumen in Harrisburg when he dispatched Running Mate Estes

* But Maine will vote for President and Vice President like everybody else Nov. 6.

Kefauver to a hotel to cheer up 650 Ladies of the G.A.R., who waxed fuming because they had not been able to get an audience with President Eisenhower in Gettysburg.

"One of the Best." Yet the onstage Adlai was in comparatively dull fettle. In Albany he devoted three pages of a five-page speech in homage to New York's roster of eminent Democrats (Roosevelt, Lehman, Al Smith), not neglecting recent foes Averell Harriman and Carmine De Sapio. Nor was his attack on the Eisenhower Administration any more resounding than the calling of the roll: a "false front" administration, he called it, where Eisenhower appointees were undercutting programs, e.g., public housing, conservation, which had progressed under the Democratic administrations. Many a New York Democratic conventioneer sat on his hands.

Back in Manhattan Adlai fared better in a speech before a meeting of New York's Liberal Party, the highly sophisticated audience that Stevenson is most at home with. (Said Adlai: "An exceedingly responsive audience, one of the best.") Here Stevenson let loose with penetrating wit and fine oratorical style, twisted the Republicans for contradictory statements (on neutrality, the meaning of Russia's reduction of its army, the importance of the Suez crisis), came out foursquare for compliance with the Supreme Court decision on segregation.

One of the Worst. Two days later in Harrisburg he made his first campaign "saturation" speech (on all major TV networks—cost: more than \$200,000).⁸ The slick program opener: a film clip of the famed Joe Smith incident at the Republican Convention (TIME, Sept. 3), followed by the filmed excerpt of Stevenson's postnomination speech calling for an open race for the vice-presidential nomination. Later, straining to put himself across in person, Adlai threw a wild punch when he declared that "the President is not master in his own house," implied that the country was being run by Richard Nixon and the Eisenhower Cabinet. Only when he strayed onto subjects dealing with his own political idealism did Stevenson sound like himself. "Our plan for 20th century man," he said, "is not just for his survival, but for his triumph... Trust the people."

Ideally or no, the speech was perilously close to a flop. Even the hired TV eye could not blink away the sight of an un-inspired audience. Next day the Stevenson camp was blaming the teleprompters and the bad acoustics in the hall. But the Kefauverites were not so charitable, each other and whoever wanted to listen that Adlai Stevenson had failed to land any solid political punches.

⁸ After analyzing the effect of simultaneous telecasting on all networks, the P.O.C. high command concluded last week that there must be a large segment of U.S. viewers who by now are saturated with "saturation" campaigning. Result: President Eisenhower's major campaign speeches will hereafter be seen and heard on only one network at a time.

REPUBLICANS

Lay It on the Line

The telephone rang in Vice President Richard Nixon's Washington office. Over the wire came the voice of Dwight Eisenhower, who wanted to talk about the speech Nixon would make that afternoon at Ike's Gettysburg farm. There 650 Republican leaders from every state would gather for the formal launching of the 1956 campaign. "Lay it on the line, Dick," said the President. "Let's get a little tough with those people."

Nixon promptly threw away his prepared speech notes and set to work anew, aware that the telephone call had signaled a turning point in the campaign: Ike is through turning the Republican other cheek to Democratic attacks. As Nixon knew, the brunt of carrying the counter-attack would fall upon him and G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall, for Ike

"it is our responsibility to set the record straight." Examples:

Foreign Policy. "We have heard over and over again . . . that there is no peace . . . that our foreign policy has failed and our prestige is at an all-time low. All I can say about that is: it may not be surprising that those who defend an Administration which never recognized there was a war in Korea may not know the difference between war and peace."

The Draft. "For a candidate for the presidency of the U.S. to suggest one day that we are 'losing the cold war' and the next day that we might get rid of the draft . . . is the height of political fakery and irresponsibility."

Communism at Home. "It shouldn't be an issue which would even divide Americans. [But] if Mr. Stevenson does not repudiate the statement of Mr. Truman, who still says that Alger Hiss was not a Communist and not a spy, then we have



EISENHOWER & NIXON AT GETTYSBURG
"Let's get a little tough with those people."

International

had no intention of lending the presidency to campaign potshots.

Well before most of the Republican workers arrived in Gettysburg, Host Eisenhower was buzzing around the farm in his Crosley with the fringe on top, surveying the big tent that had been set up in his east pasture. Spotting two big white trailers south of the tent, he asked: "What are those buses?" Whispered Appointments Secretary Bernard Shanley: "Those are comfort stations, not buses, Mr. President." Ike whipped his glasses out of his breast pocket for a look, gasped: "Oh, for goodness' sake." At 4:30 p.m. he took his seat on the platform and the program began. First major speech was a warm-up by Len Hall, then the speech that Ike had been waiting for. Author: Dick Nixon. He did not believe in answering personal attacks on the President, said Nixon, but when the Administration's accomplishments are misrepresented or distorted,

no choice but to discuss the issue and let the people decide whether we or our opponents are better qualified to handle this difficult problem.

Finally it was Ike's turn. He got a roar of happy acclaim when, looking fit and ruddy, he proclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, I feel fine." After high praise for Dick Nixon ("No man in the history of America . . . has had such a careful preparation for carrying out the duties of the presidency if that duty should ever fall upon him"), he outlined, in a rambling speech delivered from notes, four Republican objectives: 1) arouse in the American people a consciousness of all that is at stake in this election; 2) convince them that their best hopes for the future lie with the Republican Party; 3) make converts to the cause; 4) build registration and get out the vote.

Maine's election results reminded him of the unexpected German attack that

launched the battle of Kasserine Pass. "We took a real beating before we recovered ourselves, [and] never again did you find American troops casually sitting on the side of a hill and assuming that the Germans wouldn't attack at 2 a.m. From that time on they were real soldiers. I think maybe Maine has a lesson in it."

PRIMARIES

Patient Saved

It was a bitter medicine that Wisconsin's Republican state convention forced on aging (72) Republican Senator Alexander Wiley last May when it voted to support another candidate in the U.S. Senate primary. The G.O.P. organization diagnosed Wiley's political illness as an acute case of globalitis—for Wiley, as ranking Republican on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, had doggedly supported President Eisenhower's internationalist policies. The prescription was a ruthless purge, and the man nominated to bring it off in the primaries was Glen R. Davis, 41, a handsome, smooth-talking fifth-term Congressman who believes in the Bricker amendment and in tapering off on foreign aid. Old Alex Wiley left the convention in tears (TIME, June 4), but he stubbornly decided to run anyway.

Wiley turned on a vigorous campaign, handing out his card to people in the streets, flattering the ladies. Once, at the Leyse Aluminum Co. plant in Keweenaw, he genially seized a labor union leader, waltzed him around the floor, singing, "Du, du, liegst mir im herzen," as factory workers chimed in with "Ja, ja, ja, ja." Davis, meanwhile, turned on an equally dynamic but better-financed campaign, got in his share of the stop-and-shake technique.

When the ballots were counted last week, Alexander Wiley was the winner, thanks principally to a heavy 20,000-vote lead in normally Democratic Milwaukee County. Total vote: Wiley 217,402; Davis 207,693. Wiley had had a close call. Of the 445,626 G.O.P. votes, Wiley's slim margin was only 10,000. A third Republican, Howard H. Boyle Jr., 35—who ran on an anti-Eisenhower platform—got 20,000 that might otherwise have gone to Davis. Nonetheless, Wiley should have no trouble in November against Democratic Nominee Henry W. Maier, 38, a state senator, who cashed in 163,336 votes in the Democratic primary that brought out a surprising 240,213 voters.

Lee's Defeat

Seeking the G.O.P. nomination for an unprecedented third term as governor, Utah's bumptious J. Bracken Lee was unexpectedly—and unceremoniously—trounced in last week's bitter Republican primary. So weary were Utah's Republicans of Lee that they chose instead—by a vote of 62,294 to 54,282—a newcomer to politics, egg-bald George Dewey Clyde, 58, whose only political recommendation was that, as commissioner of the Utah Water and Power Board, he campaigned hard and successfully for passage of the

popular Upper Colorado River bill (TIME, Feb. 12 *et ante*).

Chief architect of Lee's defeat was Utah's senior Senator, Arthur V. Watkins, who has feuded with Maverick Lee because of the latter's zany antics in opposing aid for public education, the federal income tax, and the Eisenhower Administration. Watkins denounced Lee as "the most disruptive influence in the whole Republican Party." If Kingmaker Watkins is successful in smoothing the ruffled feathers of Lee's followers by November, Clyde should win handily over Democratic Nominee Lorenzo Clark Romney in nominally Republican Utah.

How They Run

Six other primaries last week all but completed the lineup for the 1956 general election. Important results:

¶ In Washington, where primary election voters can jump party lines at will on a single ballot, Democratic candidates rolled up substantially bigger vote totals than Republicans in most statewide races, led by affable, two-term Senator Warren G. Magnuson, 51, who, although unopposed for renomination, gathered 426,000. This was a resounding 150,000 more than his November opponent, Republican Governor Arthur B. Langlie (TIME, Sept. 3), managed to poll in his primary race. Thoroughly drubbed in the Republican gubernatorial primary: Donald W. Eastvold, Washington's ambitious young (36) attorney general, who first gained political fame as the Ike-supporting "young man with a book" at the 1952 G.O.P. National Convention, later had a personal falling out with Governor Langlie. Eastvold lost by a two-to-one margin to Langlie-hacked Lieutenant Governor Emmett T. Anderson. Anderson's November opponent: State Senator Albert D. Rosellini of Seattle, who easily led a field of four to win the Democratic nomination.

¶ In Colorado, Harry Truman's Agriculture Secretary Charles F. Brannan, author of the direct-subsidy, surplus-building Brannan Plan, discovered that his popularity with party-conscious wheat growers and other farmers was not enough to offset ex-Representative John A. Carroll's edge in Carroll's home city of Denver, lost the Democratic senatorial nomination to Carroll 60,494 to 62,391. Carroll, defeated in the 1954 Senate race, faces ex-Governor Dan Thornton, 45, ardent Ikeman, in November.

¶ In Georgia, Herman Talmadge, 43, proved himself not only a far more polished platform performer but a better voter-getter than his late father, gallus-snapping Old Gene. Ex-Governor Talmadge, running for the U.S. Senate seat of the retiring Walter George, piled up a four-to-one margin over onetime Acting Governor Melvin Thompson, in the process carried every one of the state's 159 counties—a feat his daddy could never match. Winning an election at a relatively early age in a state accustomed to sticking with its Senators, this new breed of white-supremacy demagogue could well be a fixture on Capitol Hill for years to come.

The CORRUPTION ISSUE: A Pandora's Box

WHILE the presidential campaign was still in its infancy, Democrats Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson decided to blow the lid off the issue of corruption in government. "Racketeers," cried Truman in describing the members of the Eisenhower Administration for the edification of fellow Democrats at the Chicago convention. Far from disavowing Harry's reckless wording, Nominee Stevenson last week charged that a "contagion of Republican misconduct and corruption . . . has marked the Eisenhower Administration from start to finish."

Republicans cheerfully accepted the challenge to debate the issue of evil in government operation. In cold fury, Dwight Eisenhower replied to Truman and Stevenson at his news conference. "America," he snapped, "believes I am honest, that I am not a rascal, that I am not a racketeer." Added Richard Nixon at Gettysburg: "We'll be glad to compare the moral standards of the Eisenhower Administration to the Truman Administration any time of the day or night."

The comparison:

Eisenhower's Record

Instances of wrongdoing, real or apparent, under the Eisenhower Administration are easily isolated. Items:

¶ In March 1953, Republican National Chairman Charles Wesley Roberts resigned three hours after a Kansas state legislative committee found that he had violated the "spirit" of the Kansas lobbying law in 1951 by taking an \$11,000 insurance company fee for his part in the sale of a hospital to the state.

¶ During the negotiations on the controversial Dixon-Yates contract to build a \$107 million steam plant for operation by private utilities in the Memphis area, Adolphe H. Wenzell acted as a Budget Bureau consultant while at the same time working for the First Boston Corp., financial agent for the project.

¶ U.S. Commissioner of the Public Buildings Service Peter Strobel resigned in 1955 after charges that he had used his position to promote business for his New York engineering firm.

¶ Strobel's boss, General Services Administrator Edmund Mansure, resigned under Administration pressure after charges that he had helped give a \$40,000 insurance contract at the U.S. Government's nickel plant in Nicaro, Cuba to an old Chicago political crony, William J. Balmer.

¶ The Interstate Commerce Commission's Chairman, Hugh Cross (a Republi-



NUNAN



YOUNG



CAUDLE



CONNELLY



FINNEGAN

can originally appointed to the ICC by Harry Truman, resigned after a Senate committee heard that he had approached railroad companies (over which the ICC has jurisdiction) on behalf of a friend seeking an inter-station transfer contract in Chicago.

Air Force Secretary Haro'l Talbott resigned after evidence that he had made telephone calls and written letters on Air Force stationery to drum up business with defense contractors for the New York efficiency engineering firm in which he was a partner.

That is the record to which Truman and Stevenson are pointing accusing fingers. The instances of wrongdoing in the Truman Administration cannot be similarly isolated; they come as a flow of names in a record of corruption that threatened to poison the entire U.S. Government.

Expression of Friendship*

The pals that Harry Truman gathered around him in the White House were among the headliners in the Truman Administration scandals. Brigadier General **Harry Vaughan**, the President's ever-present sidekick, began as early as 1945, helping a perfume manufacturer get around wartime travel restrictions to Europe and receiving, for his trouble, a deep freezer. Also on the deep-freezer list was White House Appointments Secretary **Matthew Connelly**—convicted only this year of tax fraud conspiracy during his White House days. In 1947 Truman denounced grain speculators for driving prices higher, soon discovered that his personal physician, Brigadier General **Wallace Graham**, was one of those speculators, to the tune of \$22,000.

In the famed five-percenter investigation, the big names were those of Influence Peddler **James Hunt** and Harry Vaughan. Hunt won fees from business firms on the strength of his claims that he could land Government contracts for them through his friendship with Vaughan and other Administration officials. Harry Vaughan virtuously denied all wrongdoing, claimed that the deep freezer had been just an "expression of friendship."

Close on the heels of the influence-peddling probe came the Reconstruction Finance Corp. scandals and a whole raft of new names. The Lustron Corp., a manufacturer of prefabricated houses, had received RFC loans totaling \$37.5 million, much of which had been approved by Loan Examiner **E. Merl Young**, who resigned and emerged as an \$18,000-a-year

Lustron official, was later convicted of perjury (18 months in jail). Young's wife **Louetta**, a White House secretary until April 1951, received a \$9,000 mink coat paid for by a lawyer representing firms that loaned for RFC loans. Mrs. Young thereby trademarked the "mink coat" cycle of scandals. Another RFC beneficiary, the American Lithofold Corp., retained the Democratic National Committee's **Bill Boyle**—who resigned as national Chairman after the fact became known. From American Lithofold came expensive cameras as "gifts" to **Turney Gratz**, an RFC official who became one of Boyle's top national committee aides. Assistant RFC Loan Manager **Frank Prince** and Matt Connelly. Other evidence showed that White House Personnel Aide **Donald Dawson**, one of the subjects of a Senate Committee report (which Harry Truman denounced as "asinine"), had exercised a marvelous influence over RFC. A fascinating note of the investigation: Dawson had spent more than 20 rent-free days in \$30-per-day accommodations in Miami Beach's Saxon Hotel, another RFC borrower. During the course of the investigation, RFC Directors **Walter Dunham** and **William Willett** were named as having been deeply influenced by Donald Dawson. Both left the Government—unmourned.

From Hatchery to Thievery

The RFC scandals shocked the U.S. conscience, but they were nothing compared to the corruption revealed in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. As the man who had presided over one of the messiest messes in Washington history, Internal Revenue Commissioner **George Schoemann** was allowed to resign because of "ill health." Former BIR Commissioner **Joseph Nunan Jr.**, convicted of evading \$61,000 in income taxes for 1946-50, sentenced to five years in prison, wailed that despite his job, he simply had not been much of a tax expert. BIR Chief Counsel **Charles Oliphant** resigned angrily after Witness Abraham Teitelbaum said he had been told Oliphant was a member of a tax-shakedown gang. Former New York Alcoholic Tax Unit Supervisor **James B. E. Olson** popped up on the payroll of tax-shaken-down companies. Massachusetts Collector **Denis Delaney** was convicted of bribery, served nine months. St. Louis Collector **James Finneghan*** had a nice

* No kin to Pennsylvania's James Finneghan, now serving as Adlai Stevenson's campaign manager.

way of obtaining legal retainers from firms doing business with the Government, later went to jail for 18 months. Former Assistant BIR Commissioner **Daniel Bolich** was convicted of conspiracy to fix a tax case. **Ernest M. Schino**, a deputy collector in California, was convicted (two years) of tax fraud conspiracy. So was **Patrick Mooney**, the BIR's chief field duty in Nevada. In all, some 200 BIR employees were involved in misconduct charges ranging from Hatch Act violations to monumental thievery.

The investigation of the tax-collecting BIR led inevitably to a probe of the tax-prosecuting U.S. Justice Department. On every television screen was the smiling face of Assistant Attorney General (in charge of tax prosecution) **Theron Lamar Caudle**, whose barefoot wit kept investigators in convulsions as he blandly described rascality (including his own) in government. Not until this year did Caudle get his comeuppance: along with Matt Connelly he was convicted of tax fraud conspiracy.

T. Lamar Caudle had been raised high in the Justice Department by Attorney General Tom Clark (himself the subject of much congressional criticism)—who was soon to be promoted to the U.S. Supreme Court. By the time Caudle appeared before Senate investigators to start blowing explosive soap bubbles around Washington, former Democratic National Chairman **J. Howard McGrath** happened to be Attorney General. On Truman's order, a wholesale Government cleanup was ordered. To undertake the job, Attorney General McGrath hired New York Lawyer Newbold Morris, an enthusiastic, if inept, reformer. Morris started off with a big bang—by investigating his immediate superior, J. Howard McGrath. This was more than flesh or spirit could bear: McGrath fired Morris—and Truman fired McGrath.

That was just about as direct an action as Harry Truman, who is now talking about Eisenhower racketeers, ever took to clean up the dirty dealings in his own Administration. So bad was the Truman Administration's record that the Democratic Party's 1952 nominee, Adlai Ewing Stevenson of Illinois, tacitly acknowledged, in the famous letter that Harry Truman never has forgiven, that he would clear out "the mess in Washington." The Adlai Stevenson of 1956 must have suffered a considerable lapse in memory when he opened up his Pandora's box on the corruption issue.

HEROES

The Good Man

[See Cover]

A courtly old man, swaddled in topcoat and business suit against the late summer chill, walked into Boisvert's Barbershop on Cottage Street in the resort town of Bar Harbor, Me., trailed by his chauffeur. He had not phoned ahead for an appointment; nor had he, like many of the wealthy summer residents of Mount Desert* Island, sent the chauffeur down after working hours to bring one of the barbers back to his mansion. "Mr. Rockefeller," Barber Jim Corbett likes to tell his friends "just comes on in and takes his chances."

This time John Davison Rockefeller Jr. did not have to wait. He doffed his topcoat, jacket and vest, hung them on a hook on the wall facing the mirrors and four chairs, shouldered into a sweater held out by his chauffeur and sat down in Jim Corbett's chair. "Would you please close the door?" he asked. Rockefeller, who will be 83 years old next January, is troubled by drafts. He leaned back in the chair, a smock draped about his stocky frame, for the usual haircut and shampoo. Then he began to ply the barber with questions: "How is the season so far?" and "How are the stores doing?" then "Is there plenty of employment?" Jim Corbett, who picks up most of the talk of the island, was ready with a full briefing: the season was fair, the stores doing better than last year, jobs were plentiful.

His thinning white hair trimmed, shampooed and carefully dried, Rockefeller handed Corbett \$5 for the \$2.50 job, doffed his vest, jacket and topcoat and headed off to the next point on his morning's itinerary. "Goodbye, Mr. Rockefeller," said the barber. "Goodbye, Mr. Corbett," said the man who is known to his friends and associates (but not to his face) as J.D.R. Jr.

Projects in Hand. His missions downtown accomplished, J.D.R. Jr. was driven seven miles back along state Route 3 in his Cadillac limousine to The Erye, his gabled, secluded 50-room summer home on a wooded granite ridge 500 yds. back from the slate-grey Atlantic. From the car, his keen eyes swept a faraway view—wild mountains and neat harbors and white-sailed yachts sparkling—then dwelt more closely upon the prime lanes and green lawns that please his sense of economy and precision.

Carefully J.D.R. Jr. stepped out of his car, walked indoors, and soon afterward was busily going through a sheaf of papers at his knee-high desk in the small office to the right of the front door. Though nom-

inally retired since 1954, he is interested in many of the island's good works. Unobtrusively, he is building a small public park on the old Dane estate on a scenic headland near Seal Harbor, acquiring more land for the island's roomy Acadia National Park, paying the hospital bills of a local family, laying plans for the removal of more of the unsightly "snags" (tree stumps) left by the 1947 Bar Harbor fire, making up the annual deficit of the Seal Harbor library, encouraging the Seal Harbor Village Improvement Society to keep a neat village green and to provide plenty of parking space. Constantly he is on the phone to friends and associates, asking questions about projects in his soft voice: "What's the total cost? How much are the

J.D.R. Jr. built the way he is. "There's a lot of Yankee in Mr. Rockefeller," said one. "He's short on talk, long on deeds."

J.D.R. Jr., as everyone on Mount Desert Island knows, is worth something close to \$1 billion. He is also, as everyone knows, the only son of the man who was counted in another day and another dollar the richest man in the world. "I was born into it," he once explained, "and there was nothing I could do about it. It was there, like air or food or any other element. It was one of the things of the world. The only question with wealth is what you do with it. It can be used for evil purposes, or it can be an instrumentality for constructive social living."

The Awesome Compulsion. It is because J.D.R. Jr.'s is a life of constructive social giving that he ranks as an authentic American hero, just as certainly as any general who ever won a victory for American arms, or any statesman who triumphed on behalf of U.S. diplomacy. Rockefeller's life is simply, quietly and uniquely dedicated to his fellow men. Through his compulsive drive to push back the horizons of learning, culture, and opportunity, he has set in motion currents that have influenced the lives of most of his fellow citizens at home and millions of his fellow humans abroad. With an instinctive feeling for the latent resources of the U.S. and the world, he has raised the levels of education, gathered art for all to see, inspired millions with the natural beauty of national park sites, reconstructed the sights and sounds of history in projects such as Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia and the magnificent Stoa in Athens, Greece. He has given a home site to the United Nations, trained most of China's doctors, directed the efforts of American missionaries abroad, built Manhattan's breathtaking Rockefeller Center, and in general mobilized the best talent he could find to clear myriad paths toward progress.

But J.D.R. Jr. is more than health statistics or monuments or school buildings or art museums. It can be said, and few would deny it, that the motivation of his life has been to try to carry out the will of God. His deeds and accomplishments quietly mock those cliché experts who believe that not until big Government entered the picture did U.S. capitalism develop a conscience.* For he is a symbol of the stern conscience that has long been the heritage of the same Protestant American ethic that sparked U.S.-style capitalism—a conscience that made a virtue of work and its rewards, but likewise saddled the successful with an awesome compulsion to regard his wealth



THE ROCKEFELLERS IN MANHATTAN'S ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Simply, quietly, uniquely dedicated to his fellow man.

others paying? How much can the others raise without me?"

Long on Deeds. At first sight the Old Man in The Erye seems an improbable sort of American hero and historymaker, maneuvering about the island with his sets of blueprints and his inevitable 4-ft. rule. He is a middling-sized man with even features, warm and straightforward eyes. He is aloof to the point of inaccessibility; he is shy to the point of pain, finding it almost agonizing to call even his closest friends by their first names. "I don't see how you do it," he said one day when two old friends were first-naming each other. "I wish I could, but I just wasn't built that way." His neighbors on Mount Desert Island, however, admire and like

* For another aspect of U.S. businessmen at work for the benefit of the community, see BUSINESS.

o Pronounced, with Maine contrariness, like *desser*.

as a trust, to redistribute one man's gain for the benefit of many men. Such a concern was the spiritual forerunner of today's 7,300 U.S. philanthropic foundations, and set the pattern for large-scale giving that last year ran to \$1.5 billion.

Father & Son. If J.D.R. Jr. derived his purpose out of the confluence of wealth and conscience of the late 19th century U.S., he tempered it during lonely, frugal and often discouraging years of seeking and finding his own direction through the rumble of the oil wagons and the quiet-spoken homilies of his overwhelming father, whom he revered. "Of course," J.D.R. Jr. would often say proudly, "I had my father's example before me." And despite their vast differences in background and experience, the father, who had shattered his competitors and hammered out the Standard Oil Trust, understood and loved the son as the son loved and idolized the father.

Old John D. Rockefeller, hurled up out of Bunyan-sized deposits of oil and vitality, was no stereotype villain of anybody's morality play. When John D. Sr. got his start in 1855 as a \$1.50-a-week assistant bookkeeper in the Cleveland grain and produce commission firm of Hewitt & Tuttle, he made it a point, meticulously, to set aside 10% of his earnings for selected Baptist churches and temperance societies, entering the amounts in what he called his "Ledger A." When his son finally came to decide that he wanted to inherit not the give-and-take of the Rockefeller tradition, but only the give, John D. Rockefeller Sr. said simply: "John, I want you to do what you think is right."

"Beloved Companion." J.D.R. Jr. was born in Cleveland on Jan. 29, 1874, the only son to follow four daughters, one of whom died before she was a year old. Dimly, then excitedly, his earliest aspirations and fascinations latched on to his father: father presiding over a curious parade of Standard Oil tycoons; father conferring with Baptist theologians in roomy homes in Cleveland, Manhattan and Forest Hill, Ohio; father home briefly from the office to play. "He was one with us," J.D.R. Jr. recalls, "a beloved companion. He was a very busy man in those days and could not give us much time, but we were always happy when he could be with us. Our great delight was to have him play games with us, particularly blindman's buff, which he entered into with all the zest of a child and made the game both interesting and exciting with his quick movements and daring attacks."

J.D.R. Jr. called those days, according to his biographer, Raymond B. Fosdick,⁶ "the bright, cloudless days." But this was an iron upbringing, relentlessly watched



WITH JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER SR., 1927



FOOTBALL MANAGER AT BROWN, 1896



ARRIVING WITH ABBY FOR HISTORICAL CELEBRATION IN TARRYTOWN, 1943



WITH MACKENZIE KING IN COLORADO, 1915



IN A WILLIAMSBURG WIG, 1937

⁶ Whose recently published *John D. Rockefeller, Jr., A Portrait* (Harper, \$6.50), based on material gathered during 45 years of association with J.D.R. Jr. and four years of perusal of almost 80 years of Rockefeller papers, is one of the unique classics of American biography. Fosdick is also the author of *The Story of the Rockefeller Foundation* (Tutor, Jan. 21, 1942), which puts in sharp focus the concepts of big philanthropy.

International

Associated Press

over, stamped with the Baptist zeal of the 19th century Middle West. His mother, Laura Spelman Rockefeller, daughter of a Congregational deacon, considered her children "my precious jewels—loaned me for a season to be handed back when the call comes." Mornings in the Rockefeller household began with family prayers before breakfast, each member of the family reading the Bible in turn; if anyone was late, he or she had to pay a fine of 1*£*. (John's first job in life was to keep a record of the payments of the delinquents—*see cut*.) Friday night was prayer-meeting night, the whole family attending, and the children were encouraged by their mother to speak a brief prayer or testimonial of personal religious experience. Sunday was the day of rest, a cold-dinner day to keep housework down to a minimum; no studying or games were allowed, and if the children had done wrong during the week. Mrs. Rockefeller would now point out how they had sinned against God, whose forgiveness she would lead them to seek in prayer.

Price of a Drink. Without any sense of the unusual, John, not yet ten, signed a lifelong pledge to abstain from "tobacco, profanity and the drinking of any intoxicating beverages" (which he has kept). He delighted his grandmother Spelman—who used to invade Brooklyn taverns and launch into prayers for temperance—when he learned how to recite one of her favorite verses:

*Five cents a glass, does any one think
That that is really the price of a
drink? . . .*

*The price of a drink, let him decide
Who has lost his courage and pride,
And who lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.*

As he grew older, his father taught him the meaning of how to make and how to give. Day after day young John worked about the house and garden for pennies, entering the proceeds in a fine-pointed hand in a ledger like his father's Ledger A. His account books for 1887-88, when he was 13, include such entries as mending a vase, \$1; fixing a fountain pen, 25¢; sharpening pencils, 2¢; putting down rug, 10¢; and killing flies, 2¢ per fly. As soon as he had money, John was taught how to give money, usually to selected Baptist churches and temperance societies, sometimes to enhance good causes such as \$1 for Bibles for Italians, \$8 for survivors of the Johnstown flood, and repeated gifts of 2¢ to a "poor girl."

Johnny Rock. In the spring of 1893 John wrote a letter to a friend of his father, asking advice about choosing a college. "Being naturally somewhat retiring (I beg you to pardon personal references), I do not make friends readily . . . If I go to Yale in a class wholly strange to me, I will be 'lost in the crowd,' so to speak . . . If I go to Brown . . . I will speak more to me."

The friend noted that Yale was "attended by more men of better family," but recommended Brown because it was smaller and because of its fine staff. So



International
LAURA SPELMAN ROCKEFELLER
Jewels in trust.

the lonely son of the richest man in the world packed his bags and went to Providence. There he worked hard at sociology and economics, got high marks and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa; much of his spare time he spent teaching the boys' Bible class of a nearby Baptist church, or working in the college Y.M.C.A. To his surprise, John soon found that his quiet and modest ways were winning him a sincere and ready liking. He was elected president of the junior class, and after the traditionally tipsy annual junior celebration reported proudly to his mother that for the first time in history every one

of the 75 juniors came back to campus "on his own feet." His mother replied: "Tears of joy filled Dear Father's eyes when your letter was read."

For his senior year he was elected to manage the college football team, and a classmate wrote what happened in an essay called "The College Career of Johnny Rock": "When the team journeyed to Boston to play Harvard, John seated his men on stools at the Thorndike Hotel lunch counter. Here the prices were lower than in the dining room with its linendraped tables and tip-conscious waiters. Another time, when one of the players asked John for a pair of new shoelaces, he had to answer this one: 'What did you do with the pair I gave you last week?'"

"Madame Nordica, If Possible." On his 21st birthday J.D.R. Jr. got a gift of \$21 from his father, a warm note about "your promise and . . . the confidence your life inspires." But now for the first time in his life J.D.R. Jr. was already beginning to explore the meanings of warmer words than confidence. Awkwardly, at the age of 20, he had learned how to dance. "I made up my mind that I had to conquer my shyness. I had to get a measure of social ease," he wrote home to his mother, who frowned on dancing. He began calling upon a Providence belle named Abby Aldrich, daughter of Rhode Island's powerful, wealthy senior U.S. Senator, Nelson Aldrich, at her home at 110 Benevolent Street. He took Abby to college dances and football games, out on tandem rides and canoeing trips down Ten Mile River. ("She was so gay and young and so in love with everything.") Weekly by week the entries piled up in the ledger: "Flowers, Abby."

As he neared graduation in June 1897, J.D.R. Jr. and a roommate decided they wanted to give a dance of their own. At once Mrs. Rockefeller consulted her husband, suggesting that J.D.R. Jr. hold a musicale instead. "If we could have fine music . . . Madame Nordica, if possible. She was born in New England and is a good, true woman and a most delightful singer." But Johnny Rock wanted a dance, and Johnny Rock tactfully declared his independence and got his way: then, having gained his point, he consented to call in the musicians as well. "What a magnificent program it is!" he rejoiced. Abby was there dancing waltzes, two-steps and the lancers; his father was there, resplendent in white evening gloves with the latest white stitching; his mother, who had a headache and could not come, was nonetheless gratified by the musicale—selections from *Coriolan*, Russian airs by Wieniawski and a ballad called *Love's Sparrow*.

But the warm glow of the freedom of Brown was not to last, and would never be recaptured. "The parting from old Brown was a sorrowful duty," wrote Johnny Rock. "All the fellows wore long faces, and words were few but earnest." Now he turned to another struggle of another kind. "It had been understood from the beginning," he said, "that I would enter was nothing," after,

LEDGER OF THE DELINQUENTS
Pennies in Repentance

Lost: \$1,000,000. Precise, prim-looking and uncertain, J.D.R. Jr. started work amid the massive roll-top desks, mustard-colored carpets and bare walls of his father's offices at 26 Broadway, New York. His first jobs there were filling inkwells, deciding the size of the bran bins of the family stables, dispatching a large granite shaft to Cleveland for the family's cemetery plot. Within a few years, however, he began to collect directorships of U.S. Steel, Colorado Fuel & Iron, the National City Bank, Standard Oil of New Jersey and others. Then he lost \$1,000,000 on a catastrophic venture into the stock market. "Never shall I forget my shame and humiliation," he said, "when I told Father of this situation. I had no money to meet the loss with, and there was nothing to do but to turn to him. Father listened to the story patiently. When he had heard the whole story and finished his questioning, Father simply said, 'All right John, don't worry. I will see you through.' That was all. Could there have been a better way to teach me the uncertainties, the dangers and the un wisdom of speculation?"

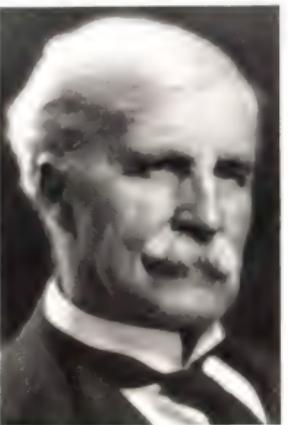
Crowding in around J.D.R. Jr., exacerbating his public and private problems, came the pressures and problems of his time. Across the U.S. a tornado was roaring up against the robber barons, concentrating hardest and legitimately against the father, whipping fitfully at the son in cruel, sharp gusts. Day by day the muckrakers mocked J.D.R. Jr.'s 300 lunches, his marriage to Abby Aldrich (CROESUS CAPTURED), his regular talks to the men's Bible class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. "With his hereditary grip on a nation's pocketbook," sneered the Pittsburgh Press, "his talks on spiritual matters are a tax on piety." From the pulpit of St. Bartholomew's, the Episcopal Bishop of Michigan snorted: "The odor . . . smacks strongly of crude petroleum."

Through the torment J.D.R. Jr. held on calmly, even when the newspapers planted reporters in his Bible class to ask him questions about camels and eyes of needles. Finally he asked Dr. W.H.P. Faunce, the pastor, whether he ought to give up his class. "Your father's career is mainly behind him," Dr. Faunce advised him. "Yours is before you. You will honor him most by living your own independent life, whose method may or may not be the same as his." In this spirit J.D.R. Jr. stayed on with the Bible class, and around the same period began to resign his directorships. In 1910 he resigned his big directorship of U.S. Steel; he had decided that he wished to devote the rest of his life to the service of the Rockefeller philanthropies. The father, who had always understood his son, unhesitatingly approved and agreed.

How to Give? The kindlier world of philanthropy was then in a ferment of big men, big money and big ideas as the U.S. grappled for the first time with the problem of how to organize big giving. J.D.R. Jr. moved about, listening, learning, contributing thoughts of his own. Most of all he listened to the oracular voice of a shaggy-haired onetime Baptist clergyman

named Frederick T. Gates, who had stood for years like the visible manifestation of Protestant conscience at the Rockefeller elbow. "Your fortune is rolling up! Rolling up like an avalanche," Gates once told old John D. "You must distribute it faster than it grows. If you do not, it will crush you and your children and your children's children." Gates persuaded the elder Rockefeller to found the University of Chicago back in 1891 and had been urging bigger gifts ever since. "You and your children," he wrote Rockefeller Sr., "should make final disposition of this great fortune in the form of permanent corporate philanthropies for the good of mankind." Gates added, with his touch of Plymouth Rock: "Any other course than this is morally indefensible."

This was just the kind of philanthropy that J.D.R. Jr. had in mind, and, with his father's blessing, the Rockefeller philanthropies began to march toward the concept of a vast Rockefeller Foundation.



Frederick T. Gates
PHILANTHROPIST
Conscience at the elbow.

with big new principles to suit. Sums of money, Gates, J.D.R. Jr. and his father proclaimed, should be spent "wholesale and not retail"; the money should be applied at "pivotal points" where the cause of a disease or social evil could be rooted out or a "germinal" idea planted. Whenever possible, money should be laid out in "massive demonstrations" so that others might copy and ultimately take over, avoiding at all costs the error of "scattering," the frittering away of too-small funds over too wide a range of charity. Gates and J.D.R. Jr. especially wanted the beneficiary to raise "matching funds."

Two Peaks. Under such fundamental forethought, the big philanthropy proliferated around the U.S. and the world. One ten-year massive demonstration by doctors and mobile dispensaries in the South, and hookworm was gone. The Rock-

efeller Foundation, finally chartered by New York State in 1913 (the U.S. Congress denied a federal charter, believing that no good could come out of Rockefellers), promptly exploited the success in the South and sent out task forces against hookworm all over the world. New successes taught new methods of disease control, which the foundation flung into battle against yellow fever in Ecuador, scarlet fever in Rumania, dengue fever in Guam, malaria in Nicaragua. In Manhattan a Rockefeller scientist named Dr. Wilbur Sawyer developed the world's first effective anti-yellow-fever vaccine.

When Abraham Flexner reported that the U.S. and Canada had only 155 medical schools and only six good ones, Gates, J.D.R. Jr. and his father did not hesitate to apply the pressure to new pivotal points. Millions of dollars and years of work went into setting up new medical, nursing and public-health schools and improving existing ones, forming around the foundation's twin peaks: the School of Hygiene and Public Health at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins University, "the West Point of Public Health," and the \$45 million Peking Union Medical College in China (which by 1938 had been so effective in training Chinese medical students that it was almost 100% Chinese-staffed).

Into dozens of good works J.D.R. Jr. probed restlessly, pouring millions into U.S. universities and colleges and especially into Negro colleges, spurring research into oceanography and astronomy, e.g., the 200-in. telescope at Mount Palomar, broadening out from his closed-in Baptist childhood to support fervently the Protestant Interchurch World Movement, to help out increasingly on large-scale Catholic and Jewish projects.

"I would take big chances," J.D.R. Jr. exhorted his colleagues. "If we keep at it, and follow up all possible clues, we shall eventually reach the desired goals." Often it was not easy. One dark season more than 20 people were killed in picket-line skirmishes at the Rockefeller-controlled Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. In Manhattan angry crowds howled for J.D.R. Jr.'s blood: "Shoot him down like a dog!" J.D.R. Jr., first reacting instinctively to defend his Colorado managers, later went out to Colorado with a bright young Canadian labor-relations expert named W. L. Mackenzie King (who became his lifelong friend and long-time Prime Minister of Canada), found out about company towns, came away criticizing paternalism as "antagonistic to democracy." Thereafter J.D.R. Jr. consistently sympathized with labor, just as consistently characterized unenlightened management as "unwise, unjust, antisocial, and hence bad business."

Boy Loving Sunsets. "I remember as a boy loving sunsets," said J.D.R. Jr. one day. "Every time I ride through the woods today the smell of the trees—particularly when a branch has just been cut and the sap is running—takes me back to my early impressions." Today the lives of few of his countrymen have not been touched by J.D.R. Jr.'s gifts of land to

the nation: Atlantic rollers loudly crashing and spuming on the rock-girt coasts of Acadia National Park in Maine; the rhododendrons of the Great Smokies, redolent and languid in the haze; Jackson Hole, sweeping green and tawny and on across shimmering lakes to the foot of the icy, steep Tetons in the fall. "It was such a beautiful place," J.D.R. Jr. would say, "and I wanted to have it opened up so that people would see it."

Simultaneously J.D.R. Jr. set about recreating the feel of heritage from the repaired palace at Versailles through diggings in Egypt and art museums in New

authority on Japan: Nelson, busky aggressive and the most public-minded, was adviser to Roosevelt on Latin America, until recently Eisenhower's Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and foreign-policy adviser; Laurance is a businessman like his grandfather; Winthrop, after quitting Yale, winning the Bronze Star off Okinawa, and earning tabloid headlines with marriage and divorce from Bobo, has settled down to run a model farm in Arkansas; David, the scholar of the family, has a Ph.D. in economics and a vice-presidency in the Chase Manhattan Bank. J.D.R. Jr.'s one

to overdo. J.D.R. Jr. is still the head of the clan. Each day in The Erye he rises at 7, breakfasts at 8 (he takes no coffee, no tea); starts work on his projects at 9. Lunch is served at noon, and afterward he takes a ritualistic one-hour nap, getting into pajamas, sleeping soundly. Sometimes he works through the afternoon; sometimes he relaxes among his Oriental wood carvings and Chinese Buddhas; sometimes he takes the second Mrs. Rockefeller (his beloved Abby died in 1948; in 1951 he married Martha Baird Allen, widow of a classmate of the faraway days of Brown) for a drive in one of the family cars, or a carriage-and-pair to savor the salty tang off the sea.

After dinner J.D.R. Jr. and his guests often gather around a baby-grand piano while Mrs. Rockefeller plays Mendelssohn or Chopin, or the J.D.R. Jr.s might drive downtown to the Criterion in Bar Harbor to a movie, e.g., *The King and I*. Every now and then, J.D.R. Jr. darts out on a sudden foray: one day he remarked to a visitor that he had just been out to buy 22 Bibles, "one for each of my grandchildren."

Day of Rest. But the happiest day is Sunday, the family day, the day of rest. Unfailingly, when he is able, J.D.R. Jr. attends morning service at the Congregational Church, always attired in a black suit, always on time, always taking his place in the second pew from the front on the left-hand side of the aisle. After the service he exchanges greetings with the minister and with some of the islanders in neighborhood, not seigniorial fashion. Back home in The Erye, he gathers the available members of his family around a crackling fire of pine and birch logs. Now he banters, perhaps, with his granddaughter Sandra (one of John D. III's daughters) about her life at Vassar and his life long ago at Old Brown. J.D.R. Jr. might even relate boyhood maxims: "He Who Conquers Self Is the Greatest Victor," or "The Secret of Sensible Living Is Simplicity." Or convey his eternal hope, "I think that in a hundred years," he wrote at school long ago, "it is to be hoped and expected that the people of our country will be wiser and better, and therefore happier, than now."

And when the day is over, the old man pads upstairs to bed, opens the windows and gazes out across woods, and dark sea toward the Mount Desert light glittering 22 miles away. Soon the fall will close in, and it will be time to move back south to Tarrytown; then it will be Williamsburg in the spring. (In Williamsburg he liked to sit with Abby outside the post office and watch the people walking by, or they would walk home together from the movies: "We'd look in the windows, and we'd look at the moon and the stars.") And from the end of the day of rest to the new day of work and on to the end of his days, he hopes and intends to live his own life as he sees it. "Giving is the secret of a healthy life," he says. "Not necessarily money, but whatever a man has of encouragement and sympathy and understanding."



FATHER & SONS AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER SR.
"We never wanted to walk with little steps in the big footprints."

Wide World

York to the majestic \$50 million restoration of Colonial Williamsburg.

"I Felt Like Crying." Thus the years passed with a rare and wonderful fruitfulness. Throughout, old John D. Rockefeller looked out upon his son from his retirement with pride. "I just felt like crying like a baby," said old John D., aged 86, when his son departed after one visit. And once J.D.R. Jr. wired word of a coming visit to his ailing father, aged 96: AM NOT COMING BECAUSE I THINK YOU NEED ME BUT BECAUSE I KNOW I NEED YOU. The next year, aged 97, the old titan died.

At the funeral the Rockefellers gathered. J.D.R. Jr. and five handsome young men wearing identical Homburg hats and an identical stamp. J.D.R. Jr. was bringing the next generation along, teaching them about thrift and the Bible—but letting them play tennis on Sundays. The brothers took their places in the philanthropies, but developed interests of their own—John III, shy like his father, is an

daughter, Abby, is now Mrs. Jean Mauzé. "We never wanted," the brothers say, "to walk with little steps in the big footprints of those two generations."

"Why, Pa!" Sometimes the new brood, like the old, wonders who is ahead in the walking. In December 1946 the Rockefeller brothers thought about donating the 3,000-acre family estate near Tarrytown, N.Y., for the site of the permanent headquarters of the U.N. Nelson got on the phone to J.D.R. Jr. The soft-voiced questions came crowding in: "Is this what the United Nations prefers? Is this the ideal location?" "No." "What is?" "New York City, of course." Then Nelson mentioned a possible \$8,000,000 or \$9,000,000 property beside Manhattan's East River. J.D.R. Jr. asked: "Why shouldn't I give this site to the United Nations?" Nelson blurted joyously: "Why, Pa?"

Though retired now, and careful not

* From left: J.D.R. Jr., David Nelson, Winthrop, Laurance, John D. III.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE SUEZ

The Crisis Turns

The threat of force all but disappeared from the Suez crisis last week, and a Western strategy of massive but peaceful pressure took its place.

The U.S., Great Britain and France, who had seemed to be moving in divergent directions, came together in a united plan. They confronted Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser with the chance to back down from his West-flouting seizure of the Suez Canal or the risk of exposing his impoverished nation to an economic squeeze. The new approach to the crisis was the West's "users' plan," sketched out by U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, and presented publicly by Britain's Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden in Parliament (see below).

Under the plan, an association of nations using the Suez would hire its own pilots, regulate traffic and collect the tolls. Egypt would be asked to cooperate, and would be paid for its contributed facilities. If Egypt refused to cooperate, the users would set in motion the grand plan of economic strategy, underwritten by the U.S. and described as the Suez Sea Lift (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

Nasser denounced the plan almost before it was fully explained. But that was expected. For it put him on the defensive for perhaps the first time since he seized the canal seven weeks before. It also made clear the real issue at stake. That issue was not the provision of international guarantees for what could not be fully guaranteed: the free passage of the canal. Debate on that point, and there had been a lot of it, had always had a curiously unreal quality.

Nasser's seizure, though it had humiliated the West, had left the West with nothing tangible to complain of. The threat remained only a threat until ships had been stopped or traffic otherwise interfered with. In fact, Nasser has always possessed the physical capability of closing the canal ever since the British evacuated the Canal Zone (he has only to swing shut the railroad bridge), and would still have the capability even after agreeing to any arrangement for international operation short of reoccupation of the Canal Zone in its entirety.

The real point was a point of law and order: it must be shown that other nations cannot deprive the Western powers of their right or threaten their vital interests with reckless impunity. If Nasser got away with his grab unpenalized, other Arabs in other lands might take it as a precedent for grabs of their own—at British and U.S. oil and pipelines. And if Nasser's truculence became a pattern elsewhere, it could destroy all hopes of fruitful cooperation between the world's free industrial nations and the underdeveloped countries.

The new strategy expressed far more

accurately the West's hopes of converting the old relationship of empire and colony into a new partnership of mutual respect and mutual profit. For its effect it relied on a simple demonstration of the real value of Western friendship—by the simple process of showing vividly what it costs to be without it.

Nasser Reacts

The users' plan of the Western powers seemed truly to catch Nasser unawares. "Instead of continuing the game," the tennis-playing young dictator complained to a friend, "Eden has picked up the ball and walked off the court." In uncharacteristic haste Nasser ordered his Washington ambassador to protest to John Foster

Hugs on the Balcony. Egypt was left with 65 pilots (only 33 Suez-seasoned). Could they and a gradually trained group of volunteer pilots handle the flow of ships and the tricky 103 miles of water without stalling traffic or blocking the canal? At 2:30 Saturday morning the first full convoy of 13 ships pulled out of Port Said with Egyptian pilots. "Give us more ships; we'll take them through," shouted one pilot as he took his tanker into the cut. A second convoy of 29, the largest in months, headed north from the Red Sea entrance and arrived at Port Said right on schedule twelve hours later. The weather was perfect, sparing for the moment the inevitable trials of cross-winds and sandstorms that may provide



See in News

PRESIDENT NASSER
On the defensive for the first time.

Dulles that the plan "means war"—just as Dulles was about to explain to his press conference that that was precisely what it did not mean. Then, in his first important—if insufficient—shift toward compromise, Nasser let it be known through the Indian government that he would be ready to "internationalize" Suez Canal tolls, i.e., let a conference of canal users set the rates. But on the core of the matter—Egypt's refusal to relinquish control of the canal to international supervision—Gamal Abdel Nasser stood firm, awaiting the next challenge.

It came at midnight Friday. Bags in hand, many of them leaving all but their most personal belongings behind, 93 of the pilots employed by the deposed Suez Canal Co. walked off their jobs and out of Egypt. Some, particularly the British, were bitter. Said Captain James E. I. Peters, a veteran of 18 years on the canal: "We cannot work with a gun in our backs."

the real test for Nasser's pledge to keep the canal functioning normally. Delighted with the first day's performance, President Nasser awarded the Egyptian Order of Merit to every pilot who made the trip. Their runs over, a group of Egyptian pilots and shore technicians gathered on the waterfront balcony of the Canal Authority's Port Said headquarters and hugged, kissed and backslapped each other like winning politicians on election night.

Sixty more Egyptian pilots were to be pressed into service after only a month's training, and pilots from other countries (including 15 from Russia, four from Yugoslavia) arrived to help. But the seasonal pilots were faced with the job of working days on end without relief, and it remained a question how long the Egyptians could keep it up. Sixty percent of canal tolls are still being paid to the old Canal Co. accounts in London and Paris or to blocked accounts elsewhere. U.S. ships have been paying most of what the

NEWS IN PICTURES

SUEZ: THE DAY



LAST CONVOY taken south through the Suez by foreign pilots forms at Port Said. As Western pilots completed their final trip

through the canal, Egyptian pilots began to assume navigation jobs, and pilots loaned by the U.S.S.R. arrived in Ismailia.

WALKING OUT on their jobs, foreign pilots march down steps of the Suez Canal Co. building, Said a Frenchman. "We'll be back in better times."

UPI-CEA Photo



THE PILOTS LEFT



Associated Press



FIRST SHIP guided through (by an all-Egyptian pilot staff) after the Western pilots' walkout moves into the southern end of the canal.

PORt SAID, the northern terminus of the 103-mile-long Suez Canal, is the operational headquarters of Egypt's new Canal

Authority. Less than 100 years old, Port Said (pop. 178,432) now handles more shipping than any other port in the world.

Ahmed Yousef



Egyptians have been collecting—under protest. Skeptical insurance firms hiked rates for ships transiting Suez by 150%. Lloyd's of London reported at least a dozen ships diverted from Suez to make the long voyage around the Cape. One bad slip and the canal could be closed for days.

Defensive Words. This was but one of the mighty pressures building up around the brash young dictator of Egypt as the Western powers took back the initiative with their unified action. His credit rating with the West was gone. His sterling and dollar assets were frozen in London and Washington, his economic aid from the U.S. curtailed, his cotton income mortgaged for years to pay for Communist arms. His support in the Arab world, whose economy depends on the oil that goes through the Suez, is slipping. "Nasser is gambling with our independence," complained a high Lebanese official, "and he is doing so without consulting other Arab governments before he acts."

By no means, however, was Nasser pressed into retreat or silence. Speeding out of Cairo to the Bilbeis Air Force college, he raised his fist against the new Western unity, the "horrible international conspiracy." While ten Egyptian-owned Soviet bombers and two MiG-17s flashed overhead, he shouted: "The big countries cannot scare us with their threats. We shall defend our rights to the last drop of our blood. No aggressor will leave Egypt alive!"

The West Acts

A British aircraft carrier stood at the ready, and a supply fleet of 130,000 tons waited off Southampton to load equipment for the Middle East. Britain's Anthony Eden seemed confronted with the choice of making good on his assiduous saber-rattling or accepting a humiliating backdown. "Will there be war over Suez?" was the question on British minds last week as the Prime Minister stepped to the dispatch box in the House of Commons and faced an aroused Labor Party, vociferously vowing to pluck him bodily from the brink of war.

Eden was calm and forceful. Unknown to the Laborites, he had got a firm U.S. commitment to participate in the canal users' association, had finished penciling the proposal into his speech only minutes before. Quietly, he reviewed the history of the unsuccessful Menzies' mission to Cairo, then sprang the users' plan on a surprised Opposition.

Peace & Provocation. The Labor benches bristled in anticipation as Eden began to elaborate. The association, he said, would ask Nasser to let its ships pass through the canal. "If the Egyptian government should seek to interfere [! 'Deliberate provocation!'" cried a Laborite] with the operations of the association or refuse to extend to it the essential minimum of cooperation, then that government will once more be in breach of the Convention of 1888." A heckler shouted: "What a peacemaker!"



International

PRIME MINISTER EDEN

Neither war nor appeasement nor international anarchy.

Into too many Laborite minds sprang a vision of a convoy of tankers led by British warships shooting their way along the 103-mile canal. Above the uproar, Eden's voice rang out. "In the event [of Egyptian interference], Her Majesty's government and others concerned will be free to take such further steps as seem to be required, either through the United Nations or by other means, for the assertion of their rights." "What do you mean by that?" shouted Laborite S. O. Davies. "You are talking about war!"

Sir Anthony howled suavely on. "For this country, military action is always the last resort, and we shall go on working for a peaceful solution so long as there is any prospect of achieving one. But the government are not prepared to embark on a policy of abject appeasement . . . The government must be free to take whatever steps are open to them to restore the situation."

Power Play? Leader of the Opposition Hugh Gaitskell was surprised by the plan, and particularly by the U.S. involvement in it—for John Foster Dulles, so long the butt of Socialists for his "brinkmanship," had become overnight a Socialist hero striving mightily to stay ferocious Sir Anthony from war. "Are we to take it that they also agree with the proposition that the ships are to have pilots of their own and are to go through the canal whether or not Egypt likes it?" he demanded. What alarmed Gaitskell most was Eden's implied threat to use force without U.N. sanction. "We are reverting to international anarchy," he cried. "We are asserting the view that each nation decides in its own right what it is going to do, and we are saying that only power counts."

Eden's speech had alarmed others too. Even the U.S. State Department seemed flustered by the aggressive tone of Sir Anthony. Eden had presented only one dimension of the plan. Next day Dulles added the second. As Eden had put it, the users' plan was a device to present a chal-

lenge to Nasser, which, if refused, would justify armed force. Dulles' exposition was quite different in tone and substance. If Egypt refused passage, said Dulles, "then we intend to send our boats around the Cape," and forthwith unveiled the elaborate plan for the Suez Sea Lift. In contrast to Eden's implied threats, Dulles said flatly: "We do not intend to shoot our way through."

After reading Dulles' remarks, the Laborites were reassured. Gaitskell conceded that the Dulles plan for diverting traffic around the Cape was "a very sensible proposal." He doggedly demanded, though, that Eden join Dulles in disavowing any intention of using force, and promise to take the case to the U.N.

Promises & Relief. Eden did not concede at once. "I do not believe that true and lasting peace can be bought at the price of surrender of rights and legitimate interests to outside pressure and force," he insisted. Gaitskell leaped up impatiently. Was the Prime Minister prepared to say with the U.S. that Her Majesty's government would not shoot its way through the canal? Retorted Eden: "I said that we were in complete agreement with the U.S. Government about what to do." "Answer!" cried Laborites.

Over the hubbub, Eden explained that if the Egyptian government refused to cooperate, they would be in default under the 1888 Convention. "If they are so in default, we should take them to the Security Council." It was a promise, and on the Laborite benches cheers mingled with audible sighs of relief. But it was on almost straight party lines that Prime Minister Eden won his vote of confidence, 319 to 248.

Once domestic politics were sidetracked, at least for the time being, Sir Anthony was able to turn back to the most crucial job, the diplomatic job. With the U.S. and France, he summoned a second diplomatic conference this week in London. Dulles reshuffled his Washington schedule in order to fly over his second trip to

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London in five weeks to wrestle with the Suez problem. Governments using the Suez were invited to come, examine the users plan and, if they chose, help to put it into operation.

ISRAEL

Back to Reprisals

Lest the world forget a threat to peace that predates Suez—and probably will outlive it—shooting broke out again last week across Israel's borders. Late one morning Jordan National Guardsmen jumped 30 Israeli troops carrying out a map-reading exercise on the Hebron border and killed six. Next night an Israeli raiding party laid an ambush for probable reinforcements, then blew up a police fort on the Jordan side, killing twelve. Seven more Jordanians died when the Land Rovers in which they were hurrying to the scene drove into the Israeli ambush.

Jordan's reprisal was to kill three Israeli Druse watchmen at an oil camp in the eastern Negev desert, not far from where Jordanians had ambushed a busload of Israelis last month. Next night a powerful Israeli army force—some 1,000 troops according to Jordan sources—slammed twelve miles across the desert frontier into Jordan and, supported by artillery and bombing planes, wiped out a police post at Gharandal, almost midway between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea. Jordan reported ten police, National Guardsmen and civilians killed, eight wounded.

The return to reprisals grew in part out of Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion's conviction that the U.N. cannot enforce the cease-fire that U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold negotiated last April. Since that time, 29 Israelis have been killed and 49 wounded in border incidents. Last week's shootings brought the number of reported Jordanian dead to 31, and 27 Egyptians have also died.

Far from pushing the Israeli-Arab conflict into the background, the Suez crisis, with its temper-shortening tensions and attention-diverting demands, was likely to provoke more probing and more shooting in the days to come.

Free Passage?

"I hope foreigners will realize," said one Israeli spokesman with an angry gesture toward the steamer lying at anchor in Haifa harbor, "that what Nasser did to the *Panaghia* today, he can do to British and American ships tomorrow." To the people of Israel at least, the 550-ton Greek freighter was floating proof that Egypt's Nasser, as master of the Suez Canal, could not be counted on to keep his promise not to interfere with the free passage of shipping. The *Panaghia* itself was not the only vessel to find its way barred as it tried to pass through the canal—for eight years the Egyptians have barred all Israeli ships and have halted eight ships of other flags on the way to or from Haifa with Israeli cargoes, in defiance of the Constantinople Convention of 1888 and a specific U.N. Security Council ruling. But the log of the steamer

Panaghia had the grimmest story to tell.

Laden with 520 tons of cement for Eilat, the Greek ship under charter to Israel sailed from Haifa on May 24, commanded by brawny Veteran Skipper Kosta Koutales, and manned by a crew of ten. Next day, in routine order, it dropped anchor in Port Said to await permission to pass through the canal. Far from being granted permission, Captain Koutales was not even allowed ashore to ask for it. Almost two weeks later the shipping company's local agent managed to get the required permit, but it was canceled almost immediately. The agent was told that he could no longer act for the ship in any capacity, and the *Panaghia* was ordered to a remote section of the harbor, where an



CAPTAIN KOUTALES
Remember the "Panaghia."

Egyptian patrol launch was set to watch it night and day. Meanwhile, Captain Koutales' supplies of food and water were running out fast, and the Egyptians refused to allow him to replenish either.

For 33 months, the eleven men lived in filth and boredom, their bodies nourished only by a meager ration of moldy bread that the Egyptians allowed aboard and the brackish water left in their original supply. Their spirits shriveled in a never-ending monotony of card playing ("The one deck we had got shredded"), and they were continually insulted, often spat upon, by the Egyptian guards.

When at last a doctor was permitted on board, he sent two crewmen back to Greece on the verge of mental collapse. Meanwhile, the Greek captain was hauled off to Alexandria for grilling by the Egyptian War Ministry. Soon after his return to his ship, he got his orders to sail—not onward, but back to Haifa.

Last week the "forgotten ship" *Panaghia* dropped anchor in the Israeli harbor. "In all my years afloat," said Captain Koutales, "I have never experienced such treatment before."

INDONESIA

Double Play

September weather in Moscow is mild, but for Indonesia's President Sukarno there was evidently a chill in the air. "I come from . . . a warm climate where it is not so cold as it is here," he told Soviet bigwigs, "but . . . your smiles have warmed me." The little President of the big and uncommitted republic of Southeast Asia flashed a friendly grin as he skipped through the Distinguished Visitors Routine (TIME, Sept. 17), but the grin was full of ambiguity. At a mass meeting in Moscow, sandwiched between effusive compliments, was a message that must have sounded strange to propaganda-conditioned Russian ears. "Part of mankind doesn't know what the Soviet Union is," said Sukarno. "There are even some who say that the Soviet Union likes war, that the people of the Soviet Union are bent on aggression, that they want to threaten someone . . . I have been to other countries [e.g., the U.S. last May], and I can say that they love peace . . ."

Experts in this kind of doublespeak themselves, the Soviet leaders wrapped up Sukarno's visit in a joint communiqué piously proclaiming the "solidarity of the two governments," later let it be known that a \$100 million loan to Indonesia (repayable in twelve years at 2%) had been signed. Indonesia has already had a \$100 million loan from the U.S. and last March received what amounted to a gift of U.S. surplus farm commodities worth \$60 million. While some Indonesian officials were saying that, by comparison with the U.S. loans, the Soviet loan was "without strings," actually the goods and services (hydroelectric and mining projects) which the Russians are offering Indonesia will place Soviet "technicians" in strategic points in the sprawling republic, which already has a well-organized Communist Party (estimated membership: 200,000). The Indonesians, however, were said to be planning to divert Russian aid to the islands of Sumatra and the Celebes.

While the Russians tried to assess the effect of their wooing, Indonesia's President moved amiably on to Belgrade, where persuasive Marshal Tito was on hand to match smiles and, it might be assumed, pass on his own experience at playing the East against the West.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Teds

"Sunday," said a British theater operator last week, in what had to be regarded as a masterpiece of understatement even for Britons, "is regarded as the difficult night in cinemas." The specific difficulty was the effect that a U.S. rock-'n'-roll movie was having on Britain's notorious teen-age delinquents, the *Teddy Boys*. Scarcely a week goes by without some headline proclaiming the latest exploits of the "Teds." But nothing before had sparked them to the frenzy induced by the gross tick-tock of *Rock Around the Clock*.

In a murky section of London that



London Daily Express
TEDDY BOYS IN LONDON
A passion for whistles and birds.

takes its name from the long-departed Elephant and Castle Tavern,* exuberant Teds rioted for three consecutive nights, crashed in the door of one theater, streamed through neighborhood streets and taverns, smashed windows, threw bottles, heaved automobiles over on their sides. In Manchester the Teds ripped out the seats of a movie house, tossed light bulbs about, and turned a fire hose on objecting members of the audience.

Throughout the nation an estimated 3,000 Teddy Boys carried on with such abandon that the councils of a dozen towns met in special session to consider banning *Rock Around the Clock*. Near theaters where it was still being shown, police mobilized in droves. The Teds themselves met the challenge with glee. "Just you come down 'ere on Sunday," said one young Londoner as the difficult week drew on. "They'll never old us Teds then, no matter 'ow many 'eavies they 'ave. We'll all be out for a giggle."

On The Corner. Like the herds of problem youths that have sprung up in other places, and in other generations, Britain's Teddy Boys are the byproduct of great social upheaval. Born for the most part of poor parents in the slums of Britain's big cities, they had sketchy education and their home life was almost nonexistent. Thanks to the hard, they spent much of their childhood herded together in shelters, or evacuated in groups into an alien countryside where the activities of all city boys are regarded with cold suspicion. Back in the cities again, they began to congregate in mutual admiration societies on drab and dingy street corners.

The Teds' notion of sartorial splendor ranges from a caricature of Edwardian

* Which got its name from Cockney attempts at saying "The Infants of Castile."

elegance to the zoot padding of a Harlem hepcat. Their hair is elaborately and expensively coiffured in long, wavy styles that range from the "D.A." (for Duck's Arse) to the "TV Roll" and the "Tony Curtis." Their jargon is a mixture of Cockney rhyming slang and U.S. jive talk in which a road is a "frog" (from the phrase frog-and-toad, which rhymes with road), a suit is a "whistle" (from whistle-and-flute), and a girl is a "bird."

The Funny Thing. Whistles and birds are a Teddy Boy's major hobbies, and—unlike others of his kind in past generations—he can afford to indulge them, for without ambition or education, the average Teddy Boy in full-employment Britain can pick up a job paying anywhere from £6 to £20 weekly. "Mentally as well as morally," said a London boys' club director, "they are blank." But what the Ted really wants more than anything is to be noticed. To fulfill this ambition and indulge his hobby for boyish pranks, he will go to considerable lengths.

"Cor," said one of them last week, after a nasty fight with a policeman, "you shoulda seen that copper! One eye 'angin' out and 'is nose all over the side of 'is face, 'e wasn't 'alf slammed. Coo, they really 'ung one on 'im. And the funny thing—we'd all to laugh—'e said 'e was gettin' married next week!"

WEST GERMANY

Rearming, Under Difficulties

Konrad Adenauer returned from his seven weeks' vacation with an air of renewed energy and purpose. He had been badly shaken by the U.S.'s "Radford plan" to reduce U.S. military manpower, announced just when he was exhorting the Germans to reequip their own army. But last week *der Alte* seemed once more the leader sure of what he must do. The Chancellor summoned the Cabinet, ordered his ministers to stop squabbling and get rearmament moving. He lectured a caucus of Christian Democratic Deputies, pointing out that the Suez crisis "illustrates the need for conventional arms and forces" even in the age of the hydrogen bomb. The U.S. had, he declared, "adopted a certain turning-away-from-Europe policy" which made the construction of a new army all the more imperative. "We cannot stand by with our hands in our pockets waiting for others to protect us," said *der Alte* sternly.

Defense officials worked mightily to comply with *der Alte's* exhortations. They assured Adenauer that his goal of 60,000 men in uniform by the end of the year would be met. There were 55,370 men already under arms, and recruits were pouring in at the rate of 4,500 a week. As fast as the Germans could accept them, U.S. tanks, self-propelled guns, 90-mm. antiaircraft guns, heavy machine guns and electronic equipment were rolling into German camps, part of a total \$1 billion worth which the U.S. is giving the Germans to equip six of their scheduled twelve divisions.

West Germany was rearming in a mood

of sullen reluctance. All over Germany, civilians were reacting to anything military with bitter hostility. Restaurants and bars posted signs: "Men in uniform not wanted." Readers canceled subscriptions to newspapers and magazines which carried recruiting appeals. At dances, girls refused to dance with soldiers: it was demeaning, one girl explained. Every day there were new incidents in which civilians had assaulted and roughed up some hapless recruit. Soldiers were jeered in the streets, had insignia ripped off their uniforms. In a Hamburg restaurant, a brawl started when civilian customers yelled at three soldiers: "Why don't you get a decent job and stop living on our taxes?" One German unit reported that seven out of every ten of its men had been either insulted or attacked physically.

The situation has become so bad that one Christian Democratic Deputy has proposed "measures to defend our soldiers against attack by the population." Munich's *Süddeutsche Zeitung* editorialized wryly: "The *Bundeswehr* is being established for the protection of the state. Is the state now supposed to protect its soldiers against citizens?"

The Lion Is Out

Before committing suicide in his Berlin bunker, Adolf Hitler made a will naming as his successor one of his most ruthless military associates: Grand Admiral of the German Fleet Karl Dönitz. Known as *der Löwe* (the Lion), Dönitz had masterminded the submarine campaign that destroyed about 15 million tons of Allied and neutral shipping, with a loss of tens of thousands of Allied lives in World War II. "Kill and keep on killing," jug-eared, ice-blue-eyed Dönitz had exhorted his U-boat captains. "Remember, no survivors. Humanity is a weakness." The U-boatmen responded by firing on torpedoed crews struggling in the water.

On the radio Dönitz told the German people that Hitler had died a hero's death in besieged Berlin. Said Dönitz: "The fight goes on." Captured by the British three weeks later, he was arraigned as a



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war criminal at Nürnberg. His sentence: ten years. At Spandau prison in West Berlin in July, 1947, he clicked his heels and handed over to the warders his diamond-studded grand-admiral's baton, a silver alarm clock and 15,000 gold marks, donned prisoner's uniform. Unrepentant and spouting hatred, he took exercise to keep fit, read to keep his mind alert (favorite works: Jack London's dog stories), while his old submarine officers and neo-Nazi organizations still claimed his leadership, and lawyers sought means to free him. The last of these efforts failed in 1955 when the Allied authorities ignored a plea that Dönitz' Nürnberg imprisonment be considered part of his court sentence and indicated that they would keep the Lion in Spandau to the last day of his legal term. Last week his penalty was almost paid. Announcing that Dönitz will be released on Oct. 1, the authorities were less apprehensive about his political future. Said the aging (64) onetime Reichs President of his plans: "I think I shall start a kindergarten—a mixed one for puppies as well as children."

Okinawa

Emma's Maw

The meteorologists who record the birth and upbringing of weather disturbances named her Emma, after Jane Austen's gentle heroine, the one who was so much in love with Mr. Knightley. At a one morning, Emma hit Okinawa with all the fury of a full-grown Pacific typhoon.

Tons of rain sweeping across the island at speeds of up to 156 m.p.h. breached sea walls, wrecked the Ryukyu Command building, reduced 3rd Marine Division headquarters to rubble and killed a military policeman. While Okinawa's 40,000 Americans shook inside their typhoon-proof but half-flooded houses, World War II Quonset huts were hurled into paddies and wrapped around telegraph poles. Thirty-five hours later, Okinawans found 7,000 homes and 80 public buildings totally destroyed, 27 fishing boats wrecked. Gone was 40% of the island's precious rice crop, 80% of the sweet-potato crop, and 60% of the sugar cane. Estimated damage to U.S. military installations: \$10 million.

But not even then was Emma's anger expended. After a vicious sideswipe at Korea (where she killed eleven people and caused \$280,000 damage), she headed into Japan's southern island of Kyushu. Here, blowing at speeds up to 115 m.p.h., she devastated hundreds of square miles, smashing some 30,000 houses and killing an estimated 30 Japanese. In her sultry wake fires sprang up, one of which half razed the city of Oita (pop. 46,000).

That thirst for knowledge which causes man to seek what lies in the heart of hurricanes and harriids had sent a U.S. B-50 typhoon reconnaissance plane flying up into the thickest of the weather with 16 men aboard. Somewhere in Emma's maw the B-50 broke radio contact and was never heard of or seen again. Emma whipped on, toward Soviet Sakhalin.

JAPAN

Flight to Moscow

Two years ago when he became Premier of Japan, aging, partially paralyzed Ichiro Hatoyama declared: "My health will not permit me to remain very long as Prime Minister." Last week, still ailing and still talking of retirement, the 73-year-old Premier launched a desperate grandstand play to prolong his political life. He will go to Moscow, he announced, to seek what two



JAPAN'S PREMIER HATOWAMA⁹
"We are worried about his mind."

other Japanese missions have failed to get—a peace settlement with Russia.

After the last round of talks in Moscow (TIME, Aug. 13), when Russian Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov brusquely refused to consider a treaty which would return to Japan the small southern Kuril islands of Kunashiri and Etorofu, the Japanese public burst into irate criticism of Hatoyama and his government. Politically as well as physically, Ichiro Hatoyama was in poor shape to fight such attacks. With illness, his speech had grown slurred, his inordinate need for sleep had kept him away from important Cabinet meetings and caused the press to label him "the afternoon-nap Prime Minister." Worst of all, leaders of the powerful business associations that had bank-rolled his rise to power were publicly beginning to

⁹ With sculpted figures of his father, Kazuo Hatoyama, onetime Speaker of the Japanese Diet, and his mother, Haruko, founder of Japan's Kyōto-ritsu Women's College.

suggest that it was time for him to resign—much as they did two years before to signal the ouster of Premier Shigeru Yoshida.

One thing, however, blocked Hatoyama's immediate downfall: there was no accepted heir apparent in the ranks of his Liberal-Democratic Party. Clutching this straw of power, Hatoyama hoped that the drama of his mission to Moscow would silence his critics. In a letter to Russian Premier Bulganin, Hatoyama proposed a peace with Russia on "the Adenauer formula," i.e., resume diplomatic relations on an interim basis, leaving the terms of a formal peace treaty (and hence the question of ownership of Etorofu and Kunashiri) for future settlement.

Under the terms of Hatoyama's proposal, the Russians would get a Tokyo embassy as a prestige place and as a legal base for propaganda and espionage activities. Their payments would be three cheap concessions: release of some 11,175 Japanese P.W.s still held eleven years after V-J day, formal agreement to let the Japanese fish in Russian waters, and support of Japan's application for U.N. membership. Convinced that the U.S.S.R. would not refuse so attractive an offer, Hatoyama last week confidently booked air passage to Moscow for the end of this month. "Mr. Hatoyama," said one of his aides, "will be quite satisfied even if his health collapses in the course of negotiations." Echoing public dismay at the Prime Minister's prospective surrender to the Russians, the monthly *Bungei-Shunju* retorted: "We are not worried about Hatoyama's body. We are worried about his mind."

MOROCCO

The Nightcomers

A DC-4 warmed up on the tarmac of Casablanca's airport. A fleet of black Citroëns prowled determinedly through the French quarter of Casablanca, Rabat, Meknès and Fez picking up passengers for the flight. All through the small hours one morning last week agents of Morocco's new secret police force knocked at door after door and curtly informed sleepy French *colons* to get dressed: they were to be expelled from Morocco immediately.

Before the roundup was over, a phone jangled furiously in the Rabat bedroom of André Dubois, France's tall, elegant Ambassador to Morocco. When Dubois picked up the receiver a Frenchman serving with the Moroccan police excitedly reported that the newly independent Moroccan government was rounding up more than 50 members and alleged sympathizers of *Présence Française*, the organization of diehard *colons* who cannot reconcile themselves to Moroccan independence. A week earlier Moroccan police had discovered that *Présence Française* was circulating leaflets which urged Morocco's Berber minority to rebel against "Arab domination" and "the Arab Sultan." No one seriously believed that a handful of leaflets would succeed in inflaming the Berbers, who are fiercely loyal to Sultan



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Mohammed V. Nonetheless, the Moroccan government had decided to use the "Berber tract affair" as an excuse for mass deportation of French extremist leaders.

Within minutes after he got the news, Ambassador Dubois was on the phone to Moroccan Premier Si Bekkai, delivering an angry protest. Dubois was not overly disturbed by the decision to deport the troublemaking *colon*s. (One of the deportees, a former *Présidence Française* president named Georges Causse, had been expelled from Morocco once before, by the French themselves, allowed to return by clemency of the Sultan.) The ambassador was, however, incensed at Si Bekkai's failure to live up to an agreement that the French embassy would be consulted on all matters involving French citizens. What seemed to outrage him most was the fact that the arrests were made in the dead of night. "Even in their worst moment," he exploded, "European police wait until the hour of the milkman."

Under Dubois' assault, the Moroccan government made a slight concession: instead of being whisked off to France in the early morning as originally planned, the deportees were allowed to remain in Morocco till midafternoon to settle their affairs, then sped by air to Paris. Next day, with pointed timing, the Moroccan Foreign Office notified Ambassador Dubois that it planned to revoke a long-standing arrangement which allows French citizens to enter Morocco without a visa.

PAKISTAN

The Complete Politician

One day last year a squat, dynamic Bengali named Hussein Shaheed Suhrawardy retired to his big, rambling house on Karachi's fashionable Clifton Road to await the call that would make him Prime Minister of Pakistan. The call did not come. In a last minute switch, Pakistan's President Iskander Mirza passed over Suhrawardy in favor of a more malleable candidate. Financial Expert Mohamad Ali, "Mirza is an unscrupulous schemer," cried the outraged Suhrawardy. Vowed Mirza in return: "Suhrawardy will get the premiership only over my dead body."

Last week in the President's home, a very much alive Iskander Mirza swore in 64-year-old Hussein Suhrawardy as Pakistan's fifth Prime Minister since independence, and then, with a broad smile gilded him with roses and jasmine.

It was not sudden friendship, but sheer desperation that led President Mirza to accept Suhrawardy as Prime Minister of the nation accounted to be the "stauntest U.S. ally in Asia." Pakistan was in trouble and heading for worse. East Pakistan with 55% of the country's population was convulsed by famine compounded by official corruption. Pakistan's much-heralded Five-year plan was already three months old but because of political bickering, not one of the projects envisioned in was under way. The once dominant Moslem League Party was fragmented into half a dozen parties and factions, eliminating the one force for political stability. When Mirza

finally pressured Mohamad Ali, a shy and indecisive public servant, into resigning the premiership (TIME, Sept. 17), he knew that he had to replace him with a man more willing to mix in the political free-for-all and more able to invoke grassroots support.

The Jivester. To a chance acquaintance, dapper potheaded Hussein Suhrawardy would seem an unlikely choice for so forbidding a job. A widower, he shuns liquor and tobacco but likes feminine companionship, nightclubs and rumbling till dawn. He has a concrete dance floor on the roof of his Karachi house, and his record collection includes 1,200 U.S. dance records. When he isn't on the dance floor, Suhrawardy spends most of his time at home in a small bedroom furnished with

warday finally moved to Pakistan. By then, Moslem League leaders regarded him as a pro-Indian traitor and strove to freeze him out of Pakistani politics. Doggedly, Suhrawardy launched a party of his own, the Awami League and, donning his habitual Western clothes in favor of a dhoti, began to stump East Pakistan's villages in search of support. With undisguised opportunism, he welcomed all recruits, including Communists and fellow travelers. By 1954 he had built the only political party in Pakistan that reached down from the well-fixed minority to assemble genuine popular support.

The Biggest Problem. Unquestionably, the Awami League got some of its strength by playing on doubts about Pakistan's firm alliance with the West (doubts that



The Ballyea—Lia

PAKISTAN'S HUSSEIN SUHRAWARDY
Over on old foe's live body.

twin beds. On one he sleeps; on the other, which is piled high with files, telephone books, old magazines and fly swatters, he conducts political negotiations.

On With the Dhoti. For all his playboy manner, however, Suhrawardy is a deliberate contender for power. His opponents call him "a complete opportunist"; Suhrawardy softens that to read "complete politician." The son of a rich Calcutta mill owner, he entered politics soon after his graduation from Oxford, was a sufficiently good administrator to become Chief Minister of Bengal, one of the biggest jobs in British India. With India's independence and its partition into Hindu and Moslem nations, Moslem Suhrawardy, instead of going to Moslem Pakistan, toured Bengal with Mahatma Gandhi and tried to put an end to the bloody post-partition riots between Hindus and Moslems. (This, however, failed to endear him to Hindus, who charge that he had helped to provoke the Bengal riots in the first place.)

In 1949, after the Indian government slapped a crippling tax bill on him, Suh-

rawarday increased since last January, when the U.S. failed to meet Russian endorsement of India's claim to the disputed state of Kashmir with a counter-endorsement of Pakistan's claim). Under the influence of its Red-tinged left wing, the Awami League has plucked neutralism and the acceptance of military aid from anyone who will give it, including the U.S.S.R.

As he stepped into office last week, Suhrawardy threw a bone to his neutralist supporters by qualifying Pakistan's previous support of the British position on Suez, accepting an invitation to Egypt's counter-Western Suez conference as well as to the British canal-owners conference. Pakistan, he loudly proclaimed, will "refuse to be made a pawn in international politics." But the new Prime Minister is personally strongly pro-Western, and he took pains to state that Pakistan will stand by her alliance with the U.S. as well as the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. Asked whether his most important problem was famine or foreign policy, Suhrawarday replied: "Idiot! Political stability. That's the biggest problem."

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In tiny (pop. 550) Tioga, Texas, early in the month, Speaker of the House **Sam Rayburn**, 74, became a formal church member for the first time when he joined Lone Star Primitive Baptist Church.⁶ The conversion took place in a white frame church, after a Sunday sermon, when Elder Henry Greer Ball, a grocer on weekdays, asked if anyone present would like to accept Jesus Christ. Up stepped Sam, taking off tie, jacket and shoes. Then, wearing socks, trousers and white shirt, the Speaker of the House was completely immersed for a moment in a portable baptismal before he emerged dripping to hear himself baptized "in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," and to hear the congregation of about 40 break into song:

*"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear.
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."*

Pretty blonde Dolly Fullman Astor, 28, who was a \$65-a-week receptionist before she married multimillionaire **John Jacob Astor III** and ditched him six weeks later, had her maintenance raised by the Florida Supreme Court from \$75 to \$250 a week.

Time was when a singer was expected to do no more than sing. But today a popular singer is apt to put on an elaborate pro-

⁶ Its congregation consists of the fundamentalist "Hard Shell" Baptists. They are not directly connected with the largest Baptist group, the Southern Baptist Convention.



SINGER KIRK AT THE PLAZA
Elaborately undressed.

duction that calls for scriptwriters, stage director, musical director, arranger, piano accompanist, set designer and dress designers. Last week in her one-woman show in the Persian Room of Manhattan's staid old Plaza Hotel, Songbird **Lisa Kirk** used all of this paraphernalia to display as much of her shapely figure as the law allows. But between her entrance and exit in scanties, she did manage to sing.

Back to the charms of grey Paris after a summer at gay Saint-Tropez, where she nursed her suntan on a hot beach all day and danced the cha cha cha all night, French Novelist **Françoise (Bonjour Tristesse) Sagan** was enjoying the gift of independence she recently offered herself on her 21st birthday: a new dark blue, green and white apartment on the Left Bank, in place of the bourgeois restrictions of her



DEMOCRAT FARLEY LEAVING HOSPITAL
Spectacularly spectacled.

sedate family home. On warm days when Françoise is not dashing about in her Studebaker, Buick, Jaguar (bought with her first royalty check) or Gordini racer ("It is nice to touch it with your hand"), she can cool off with the gift of an American admirer: an electric hand fan decorated with diamonds and mink.

After delivering a dedication address at the New Jersey Turnpike's Holland Tunnel-Newark extension, New Jersey's bachelor Governor **Robert B. Meyner**, 48, was asked, "Does this road lead to matrimony?" With his pretty guest, Helen Stevenson, a distant cousin of Adlai E. Stevenson, standing a few feet away, Meyner gazed down the broad \$120 million turnpike extension and murmured: "I don't see any signs."

Admitting that they disagree on a name for the baby they expect in February—but agree on everything else—Her Serene



THEIR HIGHNESSES IN NEW JERSEY
Comfortably heir-conditioned.

Highness **Princess Grace** of Monaco and Prince **Rainier** arrived in Manhattan for a two-month visit to the U.S. Eyeing the princess, a reporter asked who would get the succession if February brought twins. Replied the prince: the first to be born, regardless of sex. At week's end in Ocean City, N.J., where Grace's folks have a summer place, the weather was windy, but a select wardrobe of maternity outfits helped keep the heir-conditioned princess warm.

Wearing special dark glasses after eye surgery to correct a detached retina suffered during a demonstration at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, Old Democrat **James A. Farley** left a Manhattan hospital, grinning and waving a straw hat.

The royal palace in Bangkok announced that Thailand's youthful (28) **King Phumiphon Adundet**, sometime composer of popular songs (TIME, Aug. 25, 1952), will be ordained as a Buddhist priest next month. For the 15 days he will keep his orders, the King will live in Bowaravanes Monastery, which has never, according to tradition, been violated by any female presence, human or animal. He will spend his mornings walking the streets barefoot, begging for food.

When **Marlene Dietrich**, working in Rome in the movie *The Monte Carlo Story*, was told that **Zsa Zsa Gabor** had opened in Las Vegas in a gown that allegedly bared even more than Marlene's own daring Las Vegas gown of two years before, Marlene purred. "Well, if it's quantity they want and not quality . . ." Zsa Zsa purred back: "I always was a great admirer of Marlene's, but so was my mother and so was my father."

Famous American Artists Interpret "Togetherness"



Painting by L. Steckler

Buying A Freezer

If the salesman's smart, he'll tell her (a) how it will save *her* trips to the grocer, (b) how it'll save her husband money and (c) how it will keep the children fed better. For here, again, *Togetherness* inspires the buying decision.

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SCIENCE

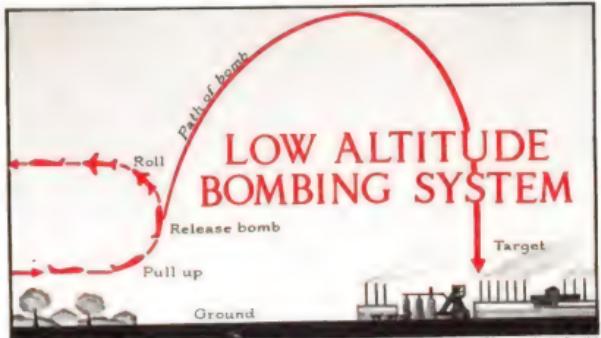
Loft Bombing

Problem: how to drop an atom bomb from treetop level—and live to file a report. The solution of this esoteric flying problem is a scientific version of the "toss-bombing" that was used in the Korean war, when pilots of fighter-bombers released their bombs with an upward flip of the plane so that the bomb was tossed into caves sheltering enemy troops. Both Air Force and Navy have been working to upgrade toss bombing into a way of dishing out atom bombs safely. Last week a little information about the new technique was made public.

On the Deck. Bombers that stay at high altitudes are in no danger from the atom bombs that they drop, but their

it, he levels and steadies the plane's flight and flicks a switch. LABS takes charge of the airplane; it pulls the plane up in a climb so steep that the pilot almost blacks out. When the angle is just right, LABS releases the atom bomb, which separates from the airplane and soars in a rising trajectory (see diagram). As soon as he is able, the pilot resumes control.

How far or high the bomb can be tossed depends on many factors, some of which are secret. When flying very low, the airplane cannot use its top speed because the bumpiness of low-level air would keep it from making a steady bombing run. But it flies pretty fast nevertheless, and if it is flying at 500 m.p.h. (733 ft. per second) when the bomb is released, the bomb starts its curve with the muzzle



marksmanship is not accurate enough. Another disadvantage: high-flying bombers show up conspicuously on the enemy's radar screens, and can be attacked by missiles and interceptors. Flying "on the deck" is better in many ways. Radars usually cannot see a low-flying fighter-bomber, and most missiles cannot attack it effectively. Its bombing can be made extremely accurate, but if it uses any ordinary bombing system, such as dive-bombing, it is apt to be vaporized by the fireball springing up under its tail.

The best way to avoid this misadventure is "loft-bombing," which uses the speed of the airplane to make the bomb behave like an artillery shell. The airplane is equipped with a "black box" of gyroes and electronics named LABS (Low Altitude Bombing System), manufactured by Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. The plane approaches the target flying as low as possible to keep below the enemy's radar. The atom bomb under its belly has been set to explode in the desired manner, at a predetermined altitude, or after actually penetrating the ground. The LABS apparatus has been cranked full of information, and the pilot has been briefed to head for a landmark just short of the target. As he approaches

velocity of an 81-mm. mortar shell, whose range is two miles.

Over the Shoulder. The main advantage of loft-bombing, however, is not the range of the bomb, but the time that it spends in the air while the airplane is making its getaway. This figure is secret too, but if air resistance is ignored, a bomb tossed upward at 750 ft. per second will rise for about 23 seconds and fall for about the same time. This will give the airplane 46 seconds to turn itself upright and streak for safety before the bomb explodes.

An even more spectacular type of loft-bombing is used when there is no good landmark to sight on near the target. In such cases, the pilot sets his LABS apparatus for "over the shoulder" bombing, and pulls up into his climb when he is directly over the target. LABS does not release the bomb until the climbing curve has progressed a little beyond the vertical. When the bomb leaves the airplane, it rises in an almost vertical trajectory. It is not quite vertical, however. To compensate for the horizontal distance that the airplane covered after it passed over the target, the bomb falls slightly backward, toward the direction from which the airplane came. When it explodes, the airplane is well out of danger.

Nuclear Rocket?

Tony Hillerman, news editor of the Santa Fe *New Mexican*, was rifling through a stack of press handouts from Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory last week in the hope of finding something worth putting in the paper. One routine announcement noted that William F. Carlson of Bristol, Conn., had been hired for the new "N" Division, which, said the release, "is concerned with research and development of nuclear rocket propulsion."

This was indeed news. The Atomic Energy Commission had never announced that nuclear rockets were possible. Newsman Hillerman checked and provoked an official statement. Yes, said the AEC, two of its laboratories, Los Alamos and Livermore, are studying the "feasibility of nuclear propulsion for rockets."

Power Problem. The AEC did not say how feasible nuclear rockets look. Most scientific judgments about them have been pessimistic. Rocket motors develop their thrust by burning fuel with an oxidizer and expelling the products of combustion at high speed through a tail pipe. The energy of combustion is necessary to make the gases move fast, but the mass (weight) of the gases is also necessary. No mass, no thrust.

Nuclear fuel is a fine source of energy, one pound of U-235 producing as many calories as 1,500 tons of coal. A modest amount of U-235 could, so far as energy is concerned, propel a commodious space cruiser to the moon and back. But energy is not enough. A uranium-burning rocket motor would have no products of combustion to shoot out of its tail pipe, and without some massive material to jettison, the motor would have no thrust.

There are ways of getting around this failing of nuclear rockets. The most obvious is to take along a stock of material that can be gasified by the nuclear heat and shot out the tail at great speed. The trouble with this solution, of course, is that the weight of the material may make the nuclear rocket hardly more efficient than a chemically fueled one. In addition, a heavy shield must be carried to protect the crew from nuclear radiation.

Ionic Motor. More elaborate ways of using nuclear fuel in rockets have been dreamed up by the imaginative engineers who plan for space travel. One of their proposals is a nuclear reactor running a conventional electrical generator. The current from it ionizes atoms of some convenient element and expels them from the tail pipe. An "ionic motor" of this sort can run, theoretically, almost forever on a cupful of uranium.

Its thrust, however, would be comparatively small. It might be fine for cruising around the far reaches of the solar system but it would not be strong enough to tear the spaceship out of the clutch of the earth's gravitation.

The AEC's scientists are not, presumably, thinking about space flight, which envisions a human crew that must not be subjected to radiation. Missiles, which are "uninhabited," should prove simpler to

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propel by nuclear power. With no crew they will need no shield, and they can start on their journeys even more suddenly than artillery shells.

Knowledge of nuclear reactions has increased enormously in the last few years. Possibly AEC's scientists hope to develop an atomic explosive that exerts much of its force in one direction, as a "shaped charge" does. Such a charge might propel a missile without destroying it. The chances are, however, that the AEC rockeeteers are using classified principles that laymen cannot even guess about.

The Filled-Out Universe

Like philatelists filling the last empty space in a series of cherished stamp-physicists have now found the last subatomic particle that is needed to make the universe neatly and electrically symmetrical. The Radiation Laboratory of the University of California announced last week that a team of physicists (Drs. Bruce Cork, Glen Lamberton, Oreste Piccioni, William Wenzel) has identified the anti-neutron, which differs from ordinary neutrons in the opposite direction of its magnetic field.

Like the identification nearly a year ago of the anti-proton (TIME, Oct. 31) the work was done with the Berkeley Bevatron, the world's most powerful particle accelerator, and a long train of auxiliary apparatus. The Bevatron's beam of 6.2 billion-volt protons was shot into a beryllium target. Out of the target came a secondary beam of assorted atomic debris. The particles with a negative charge separated from the rest by the Bevatron's strong magnetic field, were mostly mesons. Among them were a few anti-protons (negative protons) formed when the Bevatron's powerful projectiles smashed an atomic nucleus.

Most of these anti-protons were "annihilated" (turned into energy) when they hit an ordinary positive proton. But occasionally, when an anti-proton passed close to an ordinary proton, it merely handed over its negative electric charge. The proton, its positive charge neutralized by a negative one, became an ordinary, chargeless neutron. The anti-proton, having lost its negative charge and received nothing in return, also became a chargeless particle, but it did not become a normal neutron. Since its basic "anti-ness" was not changed by the loss of its charge, it became an anti-neutron with a reversed magnetic field. If an anti-neutron hits a neutron, both turn into energy.

All this action was predicted by theory. The Berkeley scientists, by carefully screening out of the beam all anti-protons and gamma rays, proved that it actually happens. The surviving mesons, neutrons and anti-neutrons were allowed to pass into a counting device which measures flashes of energy released by each entering particle. The ordinary neutrons gave small flashes. The mesons gave flashes about twice as strong. Occasional flashes 20 times as strong (2 billion volts) could be only the result of the mutual annihilation of a neutron and an anti-neutron.



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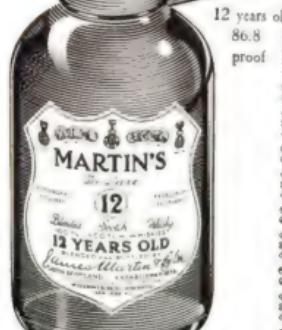
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Murder in the Cathedral

In Venice one night last week, 3,000 special guests—among them 130 music critics, dozens of big-name musicians, counts and Cabinet ministers—followed purple-robed Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice, into the Byzantine basilica of St. Mark for one of the strangest events in its 1,000-year history. Outside, thousands more were gathered around loudspeakers to hear Igor Stravinsky's latest work. Many thought it was a sort of musical murder in the cathedral.

Under a governmental austerity ruling that cut back their budget 50%, officials of Venice's famed International Festival of Contemporary Music had canceled the prestigious operatic premières of earlier years (e.g., Stravinsky's own 1951 *Rake's Progress*, Britten's 1954 *Turn of the Screw*, Prokofiev's 1955 *Flaming Angel*), pinned all their hopes and a large part of their remaining budget on the world première of Stravinsky's *Canticum Sacrum ad Honorem Sancti Marci Nominis (Canticle to Honor the Name of St. Mark)*.

Two years ago Stravinsky, who has written a *Pater Noster*, a *Credo*, an *Ave Maria* and a Mass enthusiastically accepted a commission to compose Passion music for Venice's patron saint—at a rumored fee of \$12,000. (A member of the Russian Orthodox faith, Stravinsky is very religious, but rarely goes to church in Los Angeles, where he lives, because "the singing is something terrible.") After struggling with the assignment, he turned up not with a Passion but with his *Canticum*—and it took a mere 17 minutes to perform. When officials protested, he replied that he could have made it longer but it would have been no better. If they wanted more music, play it again. And that is just the way it happened.

The cathedral audience was tense with expectation when the aging (74) composer himself appeared, looking something like an animated Gothic gargoyle. He con-

ducted with clenched fists and wooden fury ("He loves to conduct," whispered one listener, "but he can't") while flashbulbs stabbed the darkness and lit up the cathedral's golden treasures.

The music was an intricate work in five movements, the last a musical inversion of the first, the fourth the reverse of the second. Most listenable was No. 2, an aria on the Song of Songs, which British Tenor Richard Lewis made sweet and plaintive as an Urdu love song, each syllable quivering through half a dozen notes. Elsewhere, the 50-voice chorus surged in powerful chant, defeating the squeaking, thudding, 50-piece orchestra. When it was over, Stravinsky bowed to the orchestra in the thundering silence and bounced off. Said one festival official: "In a cathedral the audience cannot applaud, but at least they cannot boo, either."

Half an hour later, with the cathedral more brightly lit for the sake of photographers, Stravinsky led the work again but most of the audience was left with the same question as before: What does it mean? The critics were no help, uttering such phrases as "strange disorientation," "mystifying decadence," "exasperating." But loyal Stravinsky disciples stood in awe of the old man's creative energy. Later, as the composer was wolfing down a hearty Italian meal at a café, somebody asked him why he wrote in the twelve-tone system. "Who says it's twelve-tone?" Stravinsky snapped. "In a few years people will not care whether it's twelve, 16, or 24, or any other number. They will understand."

The Manager

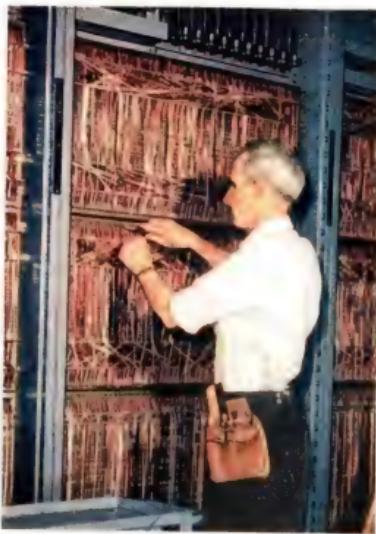
For a quarter-century Arthur Judson has been the most powerful figure on the American musical scene. He headed the nation's largest artist-bookings agency, now Columbia Artists Management, which relentlessly deployed its artists across the musical map of the U.S. At the same time, Judson was manager of the New



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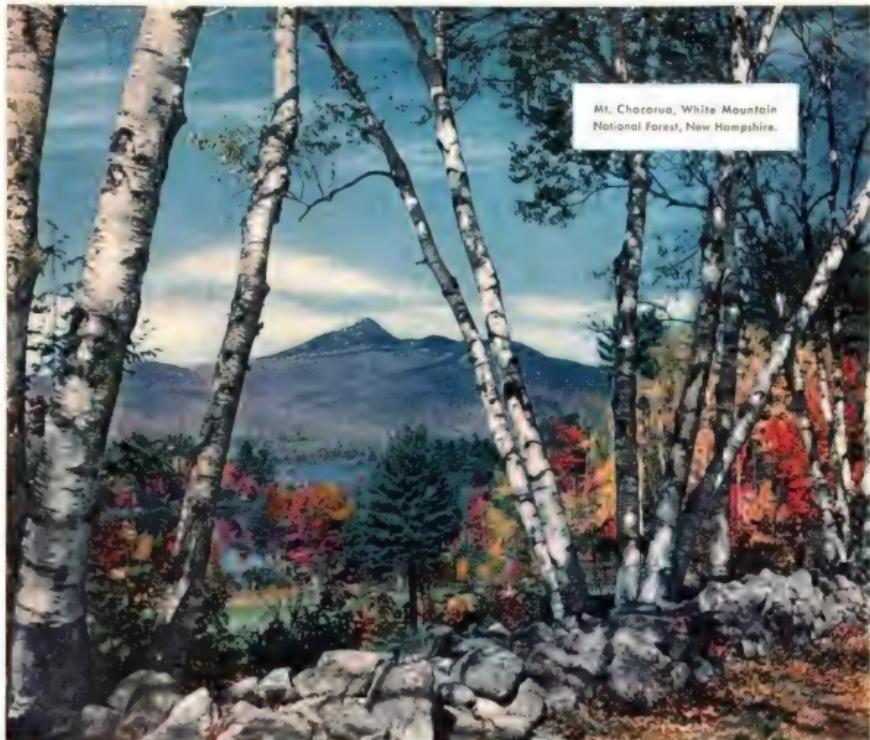
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York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, with the deciding voice in the selection of conductors and soloists. For most of his 34-year tenure, controversy flickered over whether Judson should properly carry on both jobs. Last week the controversy came to an end when Judson, 75, resigned his post with the New York Philharmonic. Judson's resignation pointed up the fact that the oldest orchestra in the U.S. had fallen on evil days.

To all but the most casual concertgoers, the Philharmonic has sounded ragged for the past two years, and the impression grew that nobody seemed to care. Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos, 60, a man of great good will and enormous gifts, tolerated sloppy playing—possibly demoralized



MUSIC MERCHANT JUDSON
Suspicion played a discordant note.

because the Philharmonic's board often failed to support him in performing modern music, the kind he likes best. The orchestra members, working too hard and denied a hand in policy-making, felt like underpaid hired help. And Manager Judson could not escape his share of the blame. Throughout his remarkable career, Judson had treated music as a business, usually with brilliant results, but his artist-clients came to fear his power.

Rival Orchestras. Soon after the turn of the century, Dayton-born Arthur Judson became a violinist and teacher. A handsome, strongly built fellow with a resonant voice, he was soon speaking of music as another merchant might of hardware, and selling it as enthusiastically. In 1915 he became manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra, then founded his own concert agency. Gradually he added to his domain: in 1922 he became business manager of the New York Philharmonic, and in 1927 he became a co-founder of the Columbia Broadcasting System, gleefully predicting an immense shortage of artists as radio grew.

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had such inviting connections. The contracts that piled up in his combine's sales bore the signatures of such eminent names as Menuhin, Heifetz, Elman, Horowitz, Pons, Gigli. Eventually, his ever-spreading ventures were bitterly opposed by such musicians as Leopold Stokowski, who reportedly maneuvered Judson's resignation from the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1934, and by the U.S. Government itself, which won an antitrust suit against Columbia Artists and an affiliate last year.

As co-manager of the New York Philharmonic since 1946 with Bruno Zirato (once Enrico Caruso's secretary), Judson saw the orchestra through its greatest days, when Arturo Toscanini was principal conductor (1927-36), and made virtuoso conductors into star attractions, e.g., Willem Mengelberg, Erich Kleiber, Bruno Walter. Operating on Judson's well-developed business instincts, the Philharmonic swallowed up rival orchestras (including the old New York Symphony).

In the Spotlight. In his long career Judson survived many attacks. But last spring New York *Times* Music Critic Howard Taubman let fly with a full-page analysis of the orchestra's troubles, some of which he traced directly to Judson and Zirato, e.g., an unprovable but widespread suspicion that the managers were hiring more Columbia artists than they should for appearances with the orchestra. The article simply played the spotlight on a series of old complaints, and Judson would no doubt have survived again. But he was 75, and so it seemed a good time for him to retire.

Musical Director Mitropoulos also seemed to be getting tired of the Philharmonic feuds, recently told a Vienna newspaper that this will be his last season with the orchestra. He added, "If I were in Judson's position, I would have resigned a long time ago, to take a rest after such glorious activity. It takes a great character to resign in time."

Pop Records

Until 14 months ago, Johnny Mathis was best known as an athlete: he could high-jump 6 ft. 5 1/2 in., only 2 3/4 in. short of the Olympic record (world's record: 7 ft. 5 1/8 in.). Then the San Francisco State College sophomore started to sing in San Francisco nightclubs during his spare time. A record executive heard him, and now the talented young (20) Negro is the star of his own LP *Carrying On* (Columbia). As a singer his virtues are many, for he can warble a lyrical tune with husky tenderness and a fine sense of phrasing, light into a torchy tune with a dramatic sense of rhythm, or blend neatly with his cool jazz background, all with equal ease. In each style he has a distinctive little trick of rushing words here and there in a manner that once would have been called corny, but according to today's tastes, is passable. With Columbia's help, Singer Mathis may well leap into the lead in setting a new style.

Other pop records:

The Ballad of James Dean (Dylan Todd; RCA Victor). A hammy elegy to



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the late young film actor ("Farewell, O Prince of Players . . .") replete with funeral fanfare and theatrical allusion. The song seems to have caused a brain flash in Victor's repertory department, which has dashed out three more records about popular personalities. *Marlon Doesn't Love Me Anymore* (Beverly Collins) is a ballad about a teen-ager who has received no answer to her latest mash note to "Marlon darlin'" and is considering resigning from her fan club. *My Boy Elvis* (Janis Martin) is a real rock 'n' roller ("Jump wiggle and shake, go-go-go!"), while on *The Elvis Blues* a fellow (Otto Bash) complains he lost his girl to the Presley charm.

Brubeck Plays Brubeck (Columbia). Top Jazz Pianist Brubeck plays nine original compositions, tunes that possess charmingly childlike qualities but that are full-grown in their harmonic adventurousness. They have the added attraction of inspiring Composed Brubeck to pretty flights of improvising fancy.

A Heart Without a Sweetheart (Gale Storm; Dot). Songstress Storm's sweetheartless heart is like a "ship without a harbor, or a bird without a wing," as she croons in duet with herself while a Salvation Army trumpet bleats behind her.

The Hi-Lo's, I Presume (Starlite LP). The most remarkable vocal group in the business, running the gamut from rich-hued harmonies of velvety texture (as in *Speak Low*) to barely controlled hysteria (in *Button Up Your Overcoat*). It's all great fun.

Just One of Those Things (Sammy Davis Jr.; Decca). In a day when many folks are uncertain of their identity, Singer Davis seems sure of his: Frank Sinatra. This is a fair sample in Frankie's tough dry ("yeah!") style, would sound better if Sammy had Frankie's pretty voice. Nevertheless, the wild, finger-snapping finale takes the listener for a real ride.

Le Riffi (Larry Adler; Capitol). Top Harmonica Player Adler, still based on the continent after his brush with politics (TIME, June 5, 1950), shows his technique to be more spectacular than it ever was. The tune is the one he played on the soundtrack of the current French film of the same name.

Little Man in Chinatown (Jim Lowe; Dot). The tempo is high, the ticks are ticking and the song is a shaggy Pekinese. The teaser: "In case you wonder what this story is, here it is, here it is, here it is."

Tonight You Belong to Me (Liberty). A couple of breathy young voices identified simply as "Patience and Prudence" are applying a pig-tailed bounce to a tune that needed something of the kind to get it off the playground floor.

Very, Very Villegas (Columbia). Argentine Concert Pianist Enrique Villegas whose ears shifted to jazz a long time ago when he first heard Duke Ellington ripples through some fine old tunes in a style that should put his listeners in high. Into his giddily musical hopper Pianist Villegas tosses everything from burlesque to Bartok, turns out some unique fun.



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EDUCATION

How to Integrate

While unmarked police cars stood inconspicuously by, more than 2,000 Negro students filed into 54 previously segregated elementary and secondary schools in Louisville, Ky., last week. They were received without protest or excitement. "The Negro and white youngsters sat down together and started studying together, and that was that," said one school official.

Louisville's quiet achievement in integration drew admiring comment from editorial writers the country over and from President Eisenhower at his weekly press conference. Said the President, of Louisville School Superintendent Omer Carmichael, 63: "He must be a very wise man . . . He pursued the policy that I believe will finally bring success in this."

Climate of Opinion. Louisville's Carmichael has been preparing for integration almost from the day he took the superintendent's job in 1945. "We really started getting ready for it then," he says, "because integration is more than simply mixing two races in a classroom. It is the creation of good human relations throughout the community." A native of Alabama (and a cousin of Dr. Oliver C. Carmichael, president of the University of Alabama, where the *Athenaeum* riots occurred), Superintendent Carmichael had climbed steadily but unspectacularly through Southern public-school ranks, arrived at Louisville convinced that segregation would soon be on the way out. To create the "climate of public opinion" for integration, he appointed joint Negro and white teachers committees, held meetings of Negro and white principals. When the Supreme Court gave its decision in May 1954, he promptly announced he would "carry it out without undue delay or effort at subterfuge."

After setting the current school year as the date for full integration, Superintendent Carmichael that year launched with his staff into a public-speaking campaign to explain what he was doing to P.T.A. and civic groups, veterans' organizations and church bodies. To take some of the sting out of integration, he told parents that they could choose whatever school they wanted their children to attend, provided it could accommodate them.

Right Relationship. His campaign was immensely aided by the fact that the city was desegregating generally. Branch libraries, the General Hospital, city-owned parks and swimming pools were being thrown open to Negroes. "The school-community relationship has been right," he says. "A lot of people still prefer segregation. But the Supreme Court has ruled, and the people realize that the law has to be lived up to." The best measure of Louisville's success is the fact that 75% of the city's 44,607 schoolchildren were integrated last week (with the remainder segregated only by residential area).

Although Superintendent Carmichael

recognizes that opposition to integration may still crop up in Louisville, he and like-minded Southern educators received substantial encouragement last week from the St. Louis board of education, which completed integration a year ago. The board noted that from the outset the reception of Negro students had been "as satisfactory in schools in which they constitute less than 1% of the population as in schools where they constitute more than 30%." Moreover, said the board, anticipated opposition to integration had



Louisville Courier-Journal
LOUISVILLE'S CARMICHAEL
Mixing starts outside of school.

never developed: "Seldom if ever has there been a project on which the key civic and religious organizations and social agencies have cooperated more unanimously than on this."

Nonviolent Resistance

The quietest spot along the gradually integrating border of the Deep South last week was the little (pop. 2,200) coal-mining and farming community of Clay, Ky. There white students continued to boycott the Clay school while National Guardsmen and state troopers escorted three frightened Negro children into the nearly deserted school building each morning.

The dispute started when Mrs. Louise Gordon presented her two children (they were later joined by a neighboring child) for admission in the Clay school rather than in the all-Negro Rosenwald School in nearby Providence. Turned away by force, they returned under escort after National Guard Adjutant General J.J.B. Williams arrived in town with 200 troops. Despite an opinion by State Attorney General J. M. Ferguson that Mrs. Gordon had enrolled her children in the school prematurely and illegally, and a demand from

Mayor Herman Z. Clark that the troops withdraw, General Williams announced his intention to remain as long as necessary to maintain order. Replied Mayor Clark: "We're having all the people in town sign a petition asking all the teachers to stay out of school until the Negroes get out. We're gonna take a tip from Nehru and those Indians; we're gonna practice non-violent resistance. Of course, we wouldn't want them over here, but we can learn from them."

As the troubled school week came to a close, 15 of the Clay school's 18 teachers returned to work, and the Webster County board of education attempted to give legal sanction to its stand by formally voting not to accept Negro children from the Providence Rosenwald School. The next move was up to Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler. If he orders the guard removed, Mrs. Gordon, whose case is buttressed by neither a county board order nor a court order, will probably have to send her children to the Rosenwald School for another year while Clay hatched works on a plan for integration.

International Language

What keeps most "universal" languages from becoming universally popular is their tongue-twisting pronunciation. Almost anybody can learn to read or write them. Working on this principle, a 51-year-old Dutch journalist named Karel J. A. Janson has devised a simplified written language called Picto which can be mastered, he says, by even a slow student in four weeks. It looks like nothing so much as the tablecloth doodlings of a festive banquet audience.

Journalist Janson conceived Picto in 1938 but did not put it on public display until last fall, when it proved a hit at an inventors' exposition in Amsterdam. Since then, he has published a complete Picto course in his native Dutch (he plans courses in other languages) and has put 100 students through a first Picto correspondence course. Last week the first Dutch-Picto dictionary (2,000 Dutch words) was at the printer's in Amsterdam.

Picto's vocabulary consists of some 300 signs or drawings and twelve symbols which in combination do the work of roughly 10,000 words in an ordinary language. Proper names and certain technical words which have no Picto equivalent are spelled out as in the original. In the interest of simplicity, Picto has no articles, makes no distinction between adjectives and adverbs. Its word order goes: subject, verb, direct object, indirect object. Janson started with the personal pronouns—I, you, he and she—which he designated and which retain the same form when they shift from subject to object. Plurals are indicated with the figure 2. Thus ² we or us; ² you (plural); ² they or them; ² trees; ² houses. Verbs, which keep the same form for all persons, are preceded



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by a single line when active, a double line when passive. Thus **→** is to see, **↔** to be seen. A dot before the verb line indicates the past tense, a dot behind the line the future. Some other common

Pictos: **▷** behind, **♂** man, **♀** woman,

☰ red, **☱** blue, **☲** coat, **☱** and, **☲** to have, **☲** to speak or to say, **↶** about, **↶** to go or to walk, **★** good, **★★** better, **★★★** best, **✿** beautiful. A simple Picto sentence: **☷** **↶** **♀** **☱** **☲** **↶** **♂** (She walks under the trees and speaks to a man).

When it comes to more sophisticated Picto sentiments, the bracket is indispensable. **[]** makes the substantive of a verb, **♥** to love; **[♥]** love. **{ }** means to symbolize. Thus it can be used in conjunction with **⚑** (flag) to mean nation, **{ P }**, or in conjunction with **▫** (the smallest element of a whole) to mean citizen, **▫ { P }**. Picto's vocabulary is kept as small as it is by the adroit combination of ideas. Thus, a garage is rendered in Picto as a house for autos, a restaurant as a house for eating, a movie theater as a house for film. Thus equipped, Picto can indulge in compound and complex sentences:

▫ **↔** **▢** **×** **[+]** **²** **▫ A**, **~** **▢** **×** **▢** **²**

↔ **↔** **▢** **▢** **↔** **[C]** **↔** **▢**. (During the bloody impacts in A, yesterday many people were wounded and a dance hall was set on fire.)

What practical purpose will Picto serve? It might be of help, says sozibred Inventor Jansson, to the unilingual businessman, who could sit down and address his foreign client thus:

I **²** **▷** **▢**.

I **²** **~** **☆** **▢** **↔** **▢** **▢** **↔** **2** **⁵**

▢ **▢** **↔** **[□]** **&** **I** **²** **↔** **▢** **▢** **↔** **[□]** **²**

↔ **[+]** **5** **I** **²** **↔** **▢**, **I** **²** **↔** **▢** **↔**

▢ **▢** **↔** **▢**.

I **²** **—** **[+]** **²** **5** **▢**,

H **W** **D** -

(Translation: Dear Sir, We thank you for your letter of the 2nd inst. and we shall be pleased to submit to you some samples of our stock. We are sending them to you by express mail. Yours faithfully, Joe Smith.)



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BOEING



Side view of intercontinental B-52. This fleet, swept wing giant is capable of speeds beyond 650 miles an hour, and altitudes above 10 miles.

RELIGION

Christianity & Myth

In the ancient German town of Marburg, in a hillside villa overlooking the lazy River Lahn, lives a storm center of European Protestantism. Rudolf Karl Bultmann, 72, napping in his book-crammed study or limping through his grounds with his wife and daughter, does not look like an intellectual tornado. But in Germany, where ideas are apt to detonate like buzz bombs, sending shock waves through university faculties, student cafés and editorial rooms, the ideas of Rudolf Bultmann have set off a major furor.

In U.S. seminaries Lutheran Rudolf Bultmann is best known as one of the founders of "form criticism," the widely accepted method of analyzing the Bible in terms of the forms—homilies, didactic methods, storytelling devices—used by those who wrote down and compiled the Gospels. But in 1941 Professor Bultmann, then in the chair of New Testament studies at the University of Marburg (he retired five years ago), published a magazine article that since then has grown into continental theology's biggest controversy and coined its fightingest word.

Hell in the Cellar. The word is *Ent-mythologisieren*, translated into English as "demythologization." This, says Bultmann, is what the New Testament needs if it is to mean anything real to laymen of today. For to modern man, he argues, the world of the Gospels seems as different from our world as Mars. The New Testament universe is a snub house with hell in the cellar and heaven upstairs. Angels from above and demons from below are constantly busy on the ground floor, and the end of everything is momentarily expected, with the graves giving up their

dead for judgment and the Messiah streaming clouds of glory in the sky.

This, says Bultmann, is the language of mythology, meaningful in New Testament times and derived mainly from Greek Gnosticism and Jewish apocalypticism. To expect moderns to accept it as true is both senseless and impossible—senseless "because there is nothing specifically Christian in the mythical view of the world as such . . . the cosmology of a pre-scientific age"; and impossible, because "no man can adopt a view of the world by his own volition—it is already determined for him by his place in history." No one believes any more in a local heaven or a local hell. "And if this is so, we can no longer accept the story of Christ's descent into hell or his ascension into heaven as literally true. We can no longer look for the return of the Son of Man on the clouds of heaven or hope that the faithful will meet him in the air."

What, then, is left of Christianity? The saving act of God, answers Bultmann, which is what the New Testament really represents, and for which he uses the theologian's Greek word, *kerygma*. The problem is to free the *kerygma* from its encrustation of myth so that modern man can grasp it.

At first look, demythologization seems to be nothing but a continuation of "liberal" Christianity's old effort to reduce the Gospel to a palatable compound of clean living and the golden rule, minus the miraculous and the theological. But Bultmann's thinking goes far deeper than this. Instead of eliminating the mythological entirely, Bultmann would have man re-experience it in terms of his own religious life. For Bultmann relies on the existential element in Christianity, which



THEOLOGIAN BULTMANN

Should the Bible be demythologized?

makes personal experience the measure of a man's religion. Says he: "The real purpose of myth is not to present an objective picture of the world as it is, but to express man's understanding of himself in the world in which he lives." The question is not whether the myth is true but whether the understanding is true. "Faith claims that it is, and faith ought not to be tied down to the imagery of New Testament mythology."

Right & Left. Bultmann's opposition hits him literally right and left. The leading councils of German Protestantism—the Evangelical and Evangelical-Lutheran churches—have generally rejected his approach. Pietists are horrified. "The Bible is at stake!" cried one pamphlet, which branded Bultmann an out-and-out heretic. What Bultmann calls mythology is part and parcel of the Christian faith, argue his conservative opponents. Without it man can say nothing about God at all, but can only follow the negative path of the mystic. Karl Barth, who set off many a theological land mine himself between the world wars, maintains that Bultmann backtracks completely from the Christ-centered theology of the Reformation—reducing Christ to a mere element in man's search for salvation, rather than the focus and object of the Christian's whole humble attention. Instead of setting his own conditions for receiving the Gospel, says Barth, man must approach it with a willingness to listen, a struggle to understand.

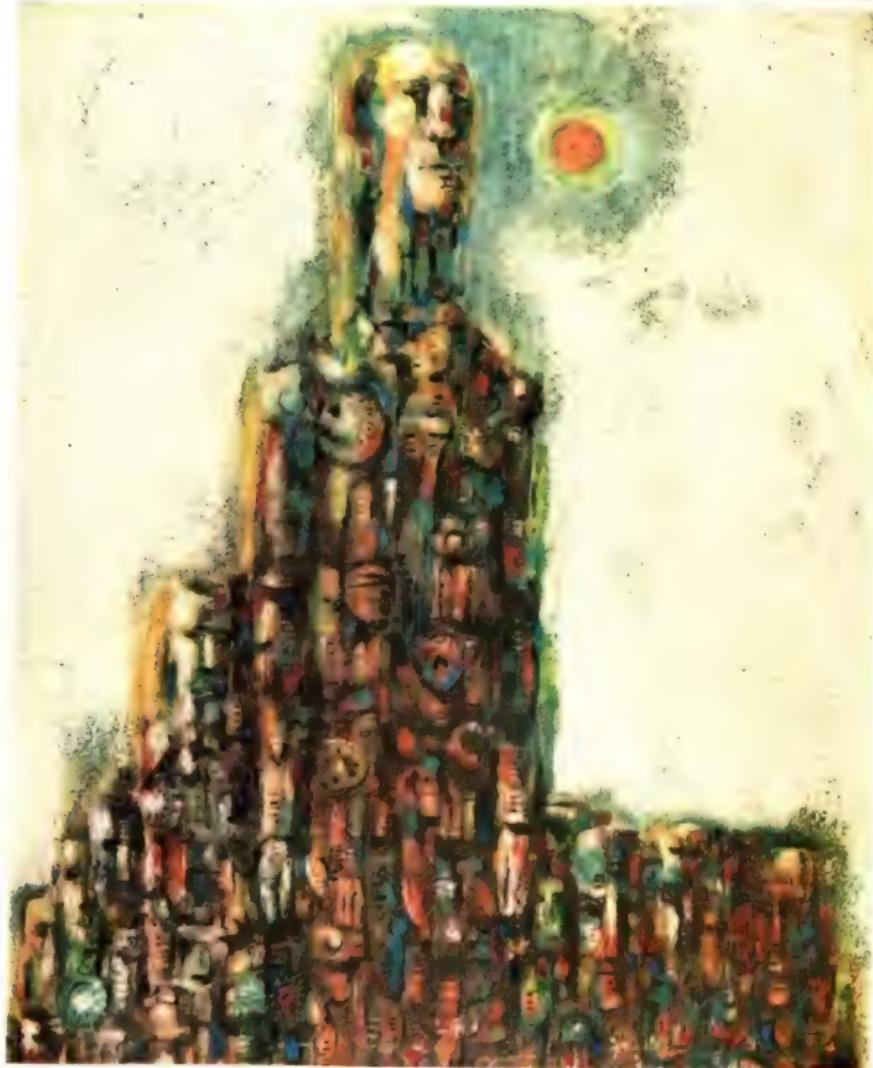
While the conservatives attack Bultmann for going too far, the existentialist philosophers, e.g., Switzerland's Fritz Buri, attack him for not going far enough. The *kerygma*—God's revelation in Christ—is a myth too, says Buri: Bultmann should recognize the whole New Testament as nothing but a symbolic way of expressing the existential experience. Philosophers



THE LAST JUDGMENT
Should man be remythologized?

Great Ideas of Western Man...ONE OF A SERIES

ARTIST: SAMUEL VAN SICKLE



WESLEY

ON HOW TO VOTE

*Act as if the whole election depended on your single vote, and
as if the whole Parliament (and therein the whole nation) on
that single person whom you now choose to be a member of it.
(A word to a Freholder, 1748)*

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PHOTO BY MASSAR

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A furnace helper in special safety clothes watches a "heat" of molten steel pour from an open hearth furnace in one of J&L's steel mills.

Karl Jaspers criticizes Bultmann's emphasis on modern man's scientific viewpoint. People in New Testament times, he says, were not much different from people today or any other time—prone to crass materialism on the one hand and willingness to believe the absurd on the other.

Christianity's Openness. To both left- and right-wing criticism Bultmann is most vulnerable in the arbitrary line he draws between what is mythical and what is not—i.e., the act of God. The anti-Bultmann view, that man's proper business is not to adapt the Gospel to his mode of thinking but to adapt his thinking to the Gospel, recommends itself to a wider range of Christians, from Billy Graham to Reinhold Niebuhr. Instead of demythologizing the New Testament, they say, man should remythologize himself.

Just published in the U.S. is a new Bultmann book: *Primitive Christianity* (Living Age: \$1.25). Readers will find in it Bultmann the historian rather than Bultmann the revolutionary: lucidly and briefly he takes them through the Old Testament background, 1st century Judaism, the Greek influences on the early church. But in the last section of the book, dealing directly with primitive Christianity, demythologization is seen at work. Again and again Bultmann attributes to Gnostic influences what orthodox interpreters assign to essential Christian teaching. The problem of the future and the end of the world, which has come in for so much theological attention of late, seems to Bultmann to be swallowed up in the Christian present.

"In the last analysis," he writes, "the future can never, as in Gnosticism, be conceived in fantastic cosmic terms, despite all the apocalyptic imagery which has found its way into the New Testament. It can only be understood in the light of God's grace as the permanent futurity of God which is always there before man arrives, wherever it be, even in the darkness of death. Paul can certainly speak of a glory which is ready to be revealed for us, of the eternal 'weight of glory' which awaits us. But at the same time he speaks of faith, hope and love as things which will not cease . . . In other words . . . the openness of Christian existence is never-ending.

Methodists & the World

John Wesley took "the world as my parish." Last week some 2,000 delegates from that parish, representing 18 million Methodists in 44 countries, wound up a meeting that would have pleased Wesley. At Lake Junaluska, N.C., a Methodist resort, the delegates met for twelve days in unsegregated harmony. In hotels and restaurants Methodists from Asia and Africa, as well as U.S. Negroes, were welcomed alongside whites, including U.S. Southerners. The most emphatic influence at the ninth Methodist World Conference was exerted by the British. As new president of the World Methodist Council the conference elected the Rev. Dr. Harold Roberts, dean of the theology faculty at the University of London and president-

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Associated Press

METHODIST PRESIDENT ROBERTS

Wesley would have been pleased.

designate of the British Methodist Church. And at its close, the meeting adopted a 1,500-word "Message to the Churches," drafted primarily by another Briton—the Rev. Walter James Noble, a member of the World Methodist Council. The message set Methodism firmly on record in several areas of division and doubt. Highlights:

Racial Discrimination must be fought everywhere because "the church is committed by its very nature to the establishment of a human society in which discrimination based on race or color will no longer exist." According to the conference's "earnest desire," Methodists should "initiate, contend for and foster, within their own societies, a genuine and all-inclusive fellowship."

World Peace depends on attacking the underlying causes of war—in particular, low standards of living, threats to human liberty, greed and the love of power. In addition, Methodists everywhere should earnestly "support every attempt to secure a reduction of the crippling burden of armaments, and in particular the cessation of the development of nuclear power for purposes of war."

The Spread of the Gospel faces serious obstacles. "In spite of some encouragement," there is as yet no "convincing evidence of a widespread revival of religion." And to make evangelism harder, "There is, also, a recrudescence of some of the ancient faiths [i.e., Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Shintoism] often associated with nationalistic fervor, and threatening to put obstacles in the way of the church's work . . . There is the greatest need for the rethinking of missionary strategy, and for devising new methods of cooperation." But while new methods of evangelism are desirable, "the finest, best-tempered and most certain instrument of evangelism is the whole company of the worshiping church."



SHE DESERVES TO EAT OUT

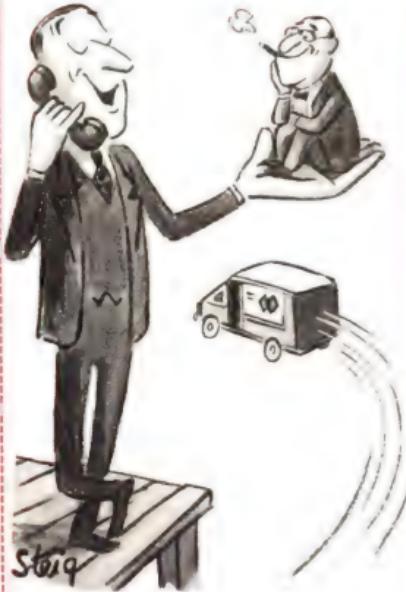
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Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!





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Deaths from Heart Disease

A man's chances of dying of a heart attack if he lives in New York State are more than twice as high as those of a resident of New Mexico. The rates are abnormally high also in several other northeastern states and the District of Columbia. West of the Ohio, the only states equally lethal are California, Louisiana and Nevada. Among women, the rates average less than half those of the men, but the geographical variations, on the whole, follow a similar pattern. Men's death rates from heart disease exceed women's at all ages, but by far the greatest variations between the sexes are caused by the soaring rates among men aged 45 to 64. These are the main findings of a study conducted by the U.S. Public Health Service (among whites) for the years 1949-51. State-by-state rates (per 100,000 pop.) for the 45-64 age group:

	Male	Female
New York	653.4	223.2
California	620.0	159.0
Rhode Island	613.4	194.0
District of Columbia	613.1	137.7
Massachusetts	612.6	188.0
South Carolina	596.4	137.7
New Hampshire	590.3	155.2
New Jersey	588.8	194.3
Pennsylvania	580.8	196.7
Louisiana	572.4	149.3
Nevada	569.6	129.3
Florida	569.5	128.4
Maryland	568.4	146.7
Connecticut	565.6	176.6
Vermont	559.4	148.1
Delaware	546.9	176.6
Illinois	545.2	157.1
Michigan	542.8	154.1
Ohio	541.3	151.3
Washington	539.2	134.6
Maine	533.4	152.8
Indiana	530.8	136.0
Virginia	521.5	134.7
Oregon	511.2	120.6
Montana	494.5	129.6
Wisconsin	488.9	144.3
Georgia	477.2	116.6
North Carolina	473.6	117.7
Idaho	467.7	108.7
Iowa	466.8	119.7
Missouri	458.6	123.6
Minnesota	457.8	125.5
Texas	453.2	108.1
Kansas	449.2	102.2
Colorado	446.4	113.1
South Dakota	438.2	113.2
Oklahoma	436.6	95.8
Nebraska	435.3	90.6
Utah	434.8	118.5
Wyoming	433.3	90.4
Mississippi	430.9	105.2
West Virginia	429.2	137.4
Arizona	427.1	89.8
Alabama	422.1	114.5
Arkansas	388.0	92.7
Tennessee	385.6	106.1
Kentucky	380.5	107.5
North Dakota	374.3	110.1
New Mexico	309.0	79.2

Speedup Feeding

Like most babies of his generation, Dr. Walter W. Sackett Jr. (born in 1905) tasted no solid food until he was almost a year old. Nowadays U.S. mothers generally give their babies cereal within three



Allan Gould—Graphic House

DR. SACKETT & PATIENT
At nine weeks, bacon and eggs.

months. To Miami's Dr. Sackett, a general practitioner, this is far too late; babies under his care have a spoon of thin oatmeal or barley when they are but two days old. At ten days vegetables are added; at 14 days, strained meats; at 17 days, strained fruits; at weekly intervals thereafter, orange juice, eggs, soups, mashed banana, custard puddings and "crisp bacon" (though the bacon has to be mashed with a fork).

Acceleration applies also to milk and feeding periods. Dr. Sackett reports in the current issue of the magazine *G.P.* He has no patience with feeding baby "on demand"; he thinks six-hour intervals are fine at first, but that the midnight bottle should be cut out within five weeks, and the baby put on three meals a day. He also says that the baby should be weaned (from either bottle or breast feeding) to the spoon at seven months, and that by ten or twelve months he should be able to "eat almost entirely from the table with the rest of the family."

After trying this revolutionary routine with 600 babies, Dr. Sackett is convinced that they have fewer feeding problems than average, less vomiting and diarrhea, and that they develop normally. Their mothers, he reports, are enthusiastic.

Snake-Bite Remedy?

"The general treatment for rattlesnake bite," wrote F. C. Wilkes, M.D., in a *Manual of Practice for the Diseases of Texas*, published in 1866, "consists in immediate and powerful stimulation. Whiskey, brandy, rum or any spirituous liquor should be freely given, so as to produce intoxication, if possible." No prescription was ever more popular in the West. Yet its efficacy has never been checked by medical research. Last week famed



Photographer: A. L. Lee

“I’m Thirsty!”

This little girl isn’t the only one who’s thirsty. America’s growing cities and towns, its farms and industries are all thirsty. And chemistry is helping to meet their increasing needs for good, clear, sparkling water.

Water is one of our most important natural resources. But all water is not suitable for drinking or for use in industrial processes. To help municipalities throughout the country make the best use of available water supplies, American Cyanamid produces special chemicals for water treatment. One of the most important is aluminum sulphate, or “alum,” which is used in filtration plants to render water clear and palatable.

By working closely with public officials and large industrial users in applying chemistry to water improvement, Cyanamid helps make fuller use of this priceless resource—and at the same time contributes to public health.

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Venomologist Herbert L. Stahnke of Arizona State College announced that the impossibly named Committee on Problems of Alcohol, Division of Medical Sciences of the National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences, had given him \$2,000 to find out. Stahnke quickly got several offers from volunteers to serve as human guinea pigs, but he replied loftily that he will work with rats.

Capsules

¶ Fresh from a nine-day visit to Moscow (with five other U.S. medics), where he inspected Soviet methods of treating and rehabilitating heart patients. Presidential Consultant Paul Dudley White touched down in Stockholm. There he told a European congress of cardiologists—he may have been inspired by Russian banquets—that overeating among leading citizens as a cause of high blood pressure and heart trouble, "may play even more of a role in the destiny of the world than the under-nutrition of hundreds of millions."

¶ Farmers and their helpers are subject to a mysterious illness called "silo-filler's disease" if they go into a silo soon after it has been filled while fermentation is at its height. In the A.M.A. *Journal*, two Minneapolis doctors report that the disease, which may be fatal, results from damage to the lungs caused by inhaling oxides of nitrogen. The preventive: "Allow no one to enter a silo for any purpose from the time filling begins until seven to ten days after it is finished."

¶ In operating for cancer of the breast, surgeons usually remove lymph nodes in the armpit through which the cancer cells might spread and cause a recurrence. Dr. Jerome A. Urban of Manhattan's Memorial Hospital reports more success (judged by how many patients have remained free of apparent disease for five years) by a more radical operation: hunting down and removing a chain of tiny lymph nodes that lie underneath the breastbone.

¶ Long in the business of making fertilizer from sewage, the Milwaukee City Sewerage Commission got into a new line through a commercial subcontractor: extracting the growth-vital, anti-anemic vitamin B₁₂ from the fertilizer.

¶ After weeks of medical detective work, Missouri and federal health officers tracked down a carrier responsible for a typhoid outbreak traced to a July Church of God encampment in Monark Springs. There have been at least 16 cases, at least one death (probably two) among campers. A woman, known to have been a typhoid carrier, had prepared camp food. ¶ Crusaders against alcoholism (some teetotalers, some devotees of moderate drinking) gathered in Istanbul, sadly concluded that with few exceptions, such as Italy and India, most of the world's nations are getting wetter. Chief offenders: France (accused of boosting alcohol consumption in her African colonies by dumping surplus wines and brandy there) and the U.S., with a 44% increase in alcoholism in 13 years, and a rise in beer consumption from 8 to 16½ gallons a year per capita since 1934.

U. S. 31E south of Louisville, Ky. Built in 1920. Today the average daily traffic is 10,000 vehicles.



MAINE
X Route 26 near Norway. Built in 1926. Average daily traffic, 2,500 vehicles.



MICHIGAN
X Seymour Rd. near Flint. Built in 1916. Average daily traffic, 1,700 vehicles.



GEORGIA
X U. S. 78 west of Atlanta. Built in 1927. Average daily traffic, 7,000 vehicles.



CALIFORNIA
X U. S. 66 near Los Angeles. Built in 1927. Daily traffic today is 26,800 vehicles.

Examine the record— Then Vote for Concrete Highways

Roads, like elected officials, should stand on their records. Today, motorists, whose gasoline taxes pay for roads, should examine that record, for America is engaged in a gigantic highway construction program.

Many existing highways are concrete roads such as shown here, built in the 1920's. Though carrying heavier loads and 2½ times the traffic they were designed for, they're still on the job. *This record merits your vote of confidence.*

Recent engineering surveys offer new evidence of concrete's exceptional durability. For example, practically all of the concrete roads ever built in Tennessee and Washington and 96% of those in Missouri are still serving.

Even such records will be surpassed. Improvements in design, materials and construction methods now enable highway engineers to build concrete roads to last 50 years and more.

Concrete's long life and low maintenance cost stretch your tax dollars. Other pavements rarely cost less if built for the same traffic load and their frequent and costly maintenance gobble up funds that could better be used for building desperately needed new roads.

Vote for the best investment of your taxes. Support sound highway planning in your state. Write for free booklet, "It's Concrete 1 to 1," distributed only in the U. S. and in Canada.

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SPORT

And Still Champ

"Take it easy on an old man, Harvie," pleaded the challenger with a tired smile. Charles Kocsis, 43, Detroit tool distributor, had all but five holes of the final round of the U.S. Amateur golf championship behind him, but he had a slew of other amateur scrambles dating back to 1930 behind him too, and he was bushed. He got no more sympathy than he expected from Defending Champion Harvie Ward Jr., 30. "I can see your lips moving," said Ward. "but I've turned off my hearing aid."

Out in front by then, just as he figured to be, handsome Harvie Ward well knew that any round of any amateur championship took all the concentration he could master. Day after day of match play always turns a tournament into a mess of upsets. At Lake Forest's Knollwood Country Club last week, even the weather pitched in to ruffle the field. Scores soared on damp, blustery winds. Co-Favorite Ken Venturi, Ward's San Francisco running mate, the man who almost won the Masters, disappeared in the third round. Californian Bob Roos, the ungainly golfer who beat Venturi, lasted only one more round. Hot-handed Sunday golfers blazed for a day or two and faded. The last of them, Des Moines's cigar-chomping Meat Salesman Sargio Fontanini, kept opponents off balance by losing his lit stogie in the rough, but Purdue's basketball co-captain, Joe Campbell, caught him in the quarter-finals.

Most of Knollwood's regular caddies

had gone back to school. The strong-backed swabbies from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station who filled in were polite but helpless. They had been taught to say "Sir," but they seldom knew which club to haul from the bag. Harvie Ward was bothered least of all by this lack of practiced help. All he really needed was a putter.

An automobile salesman by profession, Ward (along with Ken Venturi) just happens to work for a Lincoln-Mercury dealer named Eddie Lowery, who just happens to be a U.S. Golfing Association official. Harvie can afford to spend most of his waking hours on the golf course. In his deft hands the reshaped putter that was his very first golf club has become the hottest in the world.

Last week that putter cooled off a little early in the final round. Then, as Kocsis faded, Harvie's game got better and better. Coming home on the back nine, he fired sub-par golf, overpowered the weary challenger to win 5 and 4. In the long history of the U.S. Amateur, only six other men have won the title twice in succession. Harvie Ward is the first man to turn the trick since Lawson Little last won in 1935. And since he has no intention of turning pro, he is a prime favorite to win again in 1957.

Brooklyn's Pennant Prayer

All summer long National League ball fans were popping with pride and suspense. The race for the pennant was wide open. Cincinnati had the power to prop up its weak pitching; Milwaukee had just enough of everything to stay in front; the tired old champs from Brooklyn were still hanging on. Almost any game was worth watching; all was well with the world. New York was walking off with the American League pennant, and the man in the stands shouted his raucous, stylized defiance: "There are only two major leagues, the Yankees and us. And the Yanks ain't in our class."

Last week, when the chips were down, National Leaguers began to wonder just what class they were really in. Out on the field the front-running Milwaukee Braves and the World Champion Dodgers came all unstrung in their late-season fight for the flag. September was suddenly chill in the stands, and the voice of fair-weather fans cracked into silence. Their best teams had gone back to the bushes.

Reluctant Braves. The embarrassing nonsense began in Brooklyn. Having just lost their one-game lead to Dodger Sal Maglie, rejuvenated renegade from the Polo Grounds, the Braves seemed determined to repeat the performance. But the Dodgers would have none of it; as soon as the Braves gave them some runs, they gave them right back. Pitchers came and went. Even Brooklyn's big Don Newcombe beat a disorderly retreat. Almost reluctantly, the Braves went out in front in the eighth inning. Leftfielder Bobby Thomson promptly put an end to that



United Press

BRAVE THOMSON OUT AT HOME
Numbness in the head.

rally by thoughtlessly trying to steal home. Apoplectic over this final foolishness, Manager Fred Haney fined Bobby \$100. Apparently he did not think it worthwhile to beef that Bobby was probably safe in spite of himself. Dodger Catcher Campanella had jumped a good yard out of the catcher's box before Pitcher Roger Craig got rid of the ball. When they bothered to look, the Braves discovered that they had won 8-7, had taken back their one-game lead.

It was that way all week. In Philadelphia the Braves woke up for a long evening, took both overtime halves of a doubleheader. The effort exhausted them. They blew the next two to the feeble Phillies 2-3, 1-6, 6-5.

Anything Goes. Cincinnati, meanwhile, recovered from an almost fatal 8-0 whipping by the Giants, scuttled the Pirates 6-4 and stayed within a long reach of the pennant. The Dodgers finished the week with two squeakers against the cellar-dwelling Chicago Cubs. But they managed to win both, despite umpires dedicated to the proposition that in a stretch drive anything goes. In the first inning of the second game, Chicago's Don Hoak broke up a double play with a spikes-first slide at Junior Gilliam, standing a "safe" two yards off the bag. Manager Alston was too preoccupied to protest.

Thin percentage points in front for the first time since April, the Dodgers were up there on pitching alone. At the plate they were practically powerless. They could only hope that Maglie and Newcombe together could throw them under the wire. After all, they told themselves, it had happened before. For Manager Billy Southworth's surprising 1948 Boston Braves it had been "Spahn and Sain and pray for rain." Now, for the Dodgers, it is "Newk and the Barber and pray for a breather." On Sunday the Dodgers moved half a game in front by beating Cincinnati,



United Press

AMATEUR CHAMPION WARD
Silence in the ears.



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3-2. For a change, they roughed up opposing pitchers, but it was no breather. And it left a big question: How soon can the Barber give the opposition another close shave?

Casey's Seventh Pennant

While the National League leaders wore each other out, the high-riding Yankees began their last Western trip of the year as if it were a vacation. Mickey Mantle's chance of hitting 60 home runs had died in a late-summer slump; Yogi Berra had already hit the 237th homer of his career and broken Gabby Hartnett's record for major-league catchers. There was nothing left to worry about but playing baseball. The Yanks played like champs.

It was a little late in the game for anyone to sing the old complaint that the Yanks win because their fat pocketbook buys the best players. There they were in front, without a single 20-game pitcher. (Whitey Ford, their best man, has a record of 18-5, has never had a 20-game season.) What they boasted was an abundance of fine fielders; men who could hold their own at the plate, men who for the most part had come up through the Yankee farm system. And there was an inexhaustible bench full of reserves.

Last season it was the Yanks who had a rough stretch struggle. They went into the series a sad and limping collection of invalids. This week they gave Manager Casey Stengel a firm grip on his seventh pennant in eight years, by brushing aside Runner-Up Cleveland 10-3. From here on in it will be all downhill.

Scoreboard

¶ After too many years of timid boxing and tainted decisions that gave him the world's welterweight championship, Johnny Saxon tried his hand at honest fist-fighting. For a few rounds at the Syracuse War Memorial Auditorium, he moved in and traded punches with Challenger Carmen Basilio. By the time he backed off and tried to defend himself, he was so beaten up he had nothing left. In the ninth round Basilio pounded him senseless. While Saxon was being flogged to his corner, the onetime Canastota (N.Y.) onion farmer knelt in mid-ring to give a prayer of thanks for the title.

¶ Even though the Sports Car Club of America thought the new track at Watkins Glen, N.Y., too hazardous for car racing, its members refused to back out of the ninth annual Sports Car Grand Prix. Taking it easy on the loose gravel, the drivers spun through a shortened, 50-mile grind, avoided serious accident as George Constantine, a Massachusetts Civil Defense director, pushed his D-Jaguar to a careful victory.

¶ Even the presence of Their Serene Highnesses Prince Rainier and Princess Grace of Monaco couldn't brighten the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City after rain softened the course and the favored Swaps was scratched with an injured forefoot. However, C. V. Whitney's Career Boy ran the race of his life to catch Lindau Mr. Guscum in the stretch.

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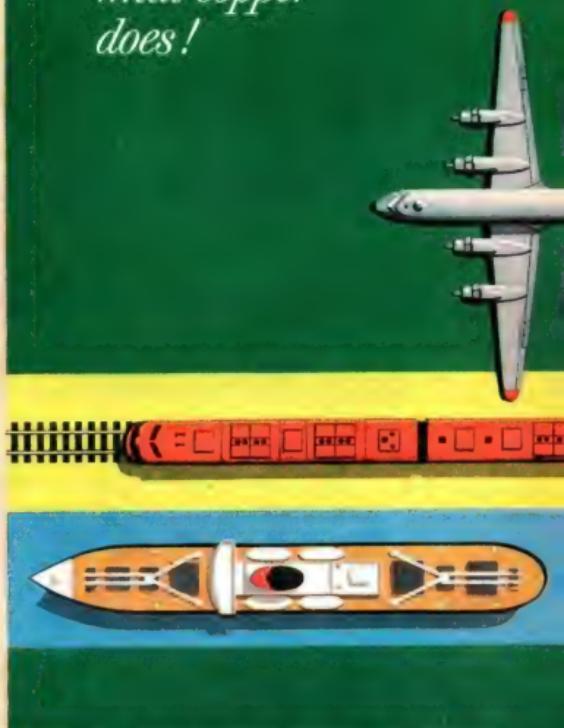
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THE PRESS

Sassy Newcomer

The latest phenomenon in U.S. magazine publishing is *Playboy*, an overseas version of the 23-year-old *Esquire*. Last week, not yet three years old but selling 688,000 copies, the slick and sassy 50¢ monthly threatened to outstrip *Esquire* (circ. 778,000) in a circulation fight. *Playboy* has also spawned a litter of its own imitators, e.g., *Playgirl* (which it is suing for too close an imitation), *Nugget*, *Rogue*, *U.S. Male*.

Even *Esquire* has paid the ultimate compliment by shedding some of its latter-day respectability. But *Esquire* still

incredulously: "Some people think nudity is pornographic."

New Project. *Esquire* could have spared itself its new competition for only \$5. From the age of 15, Chicagoan Hefner longed to work for the men's magazine, made the grade in its promotion department after he got out of the University of Illinois. But he quit when *Esquire* would not lift its \$50-a-week offer for a Manhattan assignment to \$55. From his own Near North Side apartment, on less than \$11,000, almost all of it borrowed, he launched *Playboy*.

Though he recently hired Author A. C. (*The Exurbianites*) Spectorsky as his assistant, Hefner still works seven days a week. He is a nonsmoker, non-coffee-drinker whose major diversion is two dozen bottles of Pepsi-Cola a day. Hefner's office is still the living room of his apartment, across the street from Chicago's Holy Name Cathedral. But at the end of the month *Playboy* will begin moving from four different Chicago offices to a refurbished (for \$500,000), five-story *Playboy* Building. That will give Hefner room for a new project. He has hired the whole staff of *Mad*, a short-lived satirical pulp, and out of *Playboy's* \$750,000 profit (before taxes) in 1956, will launch a still unnamed new magazine this winter.

British Mystery Story

Britain's reigning crime sensation, touted by *Picture Post* as "Scotland Yard's biggest investigation of the century," has been making headlines for a month: YARD PROBES DEATHS OF 100 RICH WOMEN; YARD PROBES MASS POISONING. Papers reported plans to exhume bodies, test cemetery soil, investigate wills and drug sales. But despite a spate of stories about the Case of the Eastbourne Deaths, many a reader stumbled bewildered through such a maze of hints, irrelevancies and non sequiturs that it was hard to figure out what the uproar was all about. Reason: the tough British laws of libel and contempt that forbid newspapers to identify a suspect or connect him with a crime in any way until the police have charged him, or to tell the story of a crime until the trial.

Eastbourne (pop. 58,000) where geraniums hang from lampposts, is Britain's most genteel seaside resort and a mecca for wealthy widows who await death in its pleasant Victorian surroundings. For years the townspeople buzzed with talk of a local doctor with a large, loyal practice, who doctored on his aged patients. He met them at the station after their visits to London, took them for drives in the country, rushed to the bedside at any hour with soothing words.

But some relatives of the doctor's late patients complained that they left him too much money when they died. The police received notes, sometimes anonymous, even suggesting—without any facts—that he had hastened their deaths. They ordered an inquest on one of the pa-



PLAYMATE PILGRIM & EDITOR HEFNER
"Esquire" cannot keep abreast.

cannot keep abreast. In its August number *Playboy* printed four pictures of Cinebabes Anita Ekberg in the nude. The edge of *Esquire's* September portfolio of Ekberg with a few clothes on.

Postal Troubles. *Playboy* has a professional sheen and a formula pitched at male adolescents of all ages, notably those on college campuses, where 25% of its copies are sold. There are breezy short stories, ribald classics, e.g., by Boccaccio, De Maupassant, articles on men's styles, bawdy cartoons, clubwear jokes and limnericks and a heaping helping of cheesecake, such as a full-color view of a "Playmate of the Month" (see *MILESTONES*), sometimes posed by its own staffers, e.g., Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim, 21. The magazine whets readers' interest by first letting them see what each month's playmate looks like with her clothes on.

The U.S. Post Office also took an interest, denied the magazine second-class mail privileges, charging obscenity. But a federal district court overruled the Post Office last November. Said *Playboy's* editor-owner, 30-year-old Hugh M. Hefner

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tients (verdict: suicide) and, as the buzz of gossip rose, called in Scotland Yard.

Jigsaw Fragments. The Yard sent Detective Superintendent Herbert Hannam, a homicide specialist whose quiet, aristocratic looks have inspired the press to call him "The Count." From London dozens of newsmen burst into Eastbourne like an explosion of profanity at a church tea. They camped in once-quiet hotel lobbies, queued up at the municipal clerk's office to buy samples of death certificates, trailed police cars and pounded on the doors of frightened old ladies. They dredged up every rumor in town—and their editors printed whatever they thought they could get away with.

Often the stories seemed almost incomprehensible jigsaw fragments except to those aware—as all Eastbourne is—of some rumors that the papers dared not print. For example, on Page One, London's conservative *Daily Telegraph* merely reported that Hannam had interviewed the 72-year-old mother of Sir John Hunt, who led the Mt. Everest expedition, but offered no clue as to why or what resulted beyond the fact that she "described an incident which occurred at a small bridge party she gave about twelve years ago." Another account told of reports that letters written by relatives to aging women were sometimes withheld from them—without saying who might have withheld them. Still another blind story said: "The name of a person in whom the police are particularly interested was found to have occurred in at least four wills . . ." Elsewhere appeared sinister suggestions of a hypnotic, "evil-eye" killer.

Whispers. Other papers were bolder. One dovetailed a story about "startling" but undisclosed evidence in the case of "25 deaths" at Eastbourne with another dispatch covering the doctor's testimony at the inquest where one of his patients was found to have taken an overdose of sleeping tablets. The boldest paper managed to tell much of the story—and even run a picture of the doctor—by a slick trick: it got the doctor's lawyers to approve a sympathetic story that named him as the victim of a malign whispering campaign—and managed to print many of the whispers ("murder") in the course of deplored them.

By week's end neither Scotland Yard nor the newspapers had reported a single actual crime or victim, or any evidence to decide the question posed by one tabloid: "Mass murderer or vicious poison pen?" But the story had produced some evidence about British journalism. Most Britons and some Americans believe that the country's rigid press laws are superior to U.S. standards. Yet the laws have bred a technique of trumpeting sensation with small regard to facts. The very inability to name a suspect emboldens editors to print gossip and rumor about what he may have done. Whether Eastbourne deaths prove the year's big crime story or an ugly case of slander, the British press will have shown that tough laws may result in puzzling readers, but are no proof against an orgy of sensationalism.

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JACK LEVINE'S "MEDICINE SHOW"

ART

Poison in the Sky

"What happens when you can't be a cynic any more? What do you do?" Increasingly this has been the question asked by knife-faced Jack Levine, 41, Boston slum-born painter whose big reputation is based on such satre-veined canvases as *Welcome Home, Gangster Funeral, Election Night* (TIME, May 20, 1946 *et seq.*). His answer, *Medicine Show*, more than a year in the painting, is on display this week at Manhattan's Alan Gallery. It is more the work of a reformer than that of a cynic, attacking the world of ballyhoo which promotes "something people don't want but buy on installments."

Ex-Cynic Levine says that he "can't go long without an editorial problem. Before, I painted the wardheeler; now for once I'm painting the voters. What can I say about ordinary people against whom I have no rancor? I find people attractive. So they have to be gullied. Somebody's selling and everybody's gullible." To make his point, Levine has one well-curved doxie hold up a sign reading VITALE, Italian for poison.

Scoring more as a boxer's point than a slugger's blow, *Medicine Show* adds to Levine's steady advance as an artist who bucks the current abstract trend. By moving his subject matter outdoors and placing it under a blue sky, he has tackled a multitude of problems concealed in the murk of his previous nightclubs, restaurants and courtroom scenes. Like Levine's other major works, *Medicine Show* almost certainly will end up as a prize museum catch. Probable price: over \$8,000.

Young Americans Abroad

On the walls of Manhattan's Downtown Gallery last week was a lively "Americans in Europe" show, featuring 45 paintings and sculptures by 23 young U.S. artists. Most of the young artists are good enough to have won fellowships, but all are still too "unknown" to have regular dealers. Nine are still in their 20s, and all but four are under 35. Not all of them will make the grade, but the combined effect of their paintings and sculptures is a heartening indication that this generation of American artists has genuine talent.

The fact that the "unknowns" are on view at all is pure luck. Last spring bridegroom Edith Halpert, 35, owner of the Downtown Gallery, went to Europe on a ten-day vacation. In the familiar businessman's-holiday pattern, she took time to drop in on Rome's 62-year-old American Academy. After a look at what the young Americans were doing there, she promptly started buying their work. And concluding that they rated a show, she turned her ten-day vacation into a three-week business-trip that included Florence and Paris.

The resulting "Americans in Europe" is not only a cross-section of younger talents but a progress report on where U.S. painters are trending. Confirming the southward migration of painters, Mrs. Halpert found Rome bursting with energy and independence, with Americans leading the way. Among the canvases she picked up are a boldly painted *Galleria, Naples* by Manhattan-born Al Blaustein, 32, and a startling Crucifixion by Abbey Scholarship Winner Thomas H. Dehli Jr., 31, of

Cambridge. In Paris Mrs. Halpert found young Americans hemmed in by high costs and an abstractionist syndrome, but she spotted some work she liked, including the clouded-in abstractions of Duluth, Minn. Artist Don Fink, 33, and the bright, exuberant *March Yellow* by Fulbrighter John Freed, 25, of Oklahoma City.

Edith Halpert believes that her show will do much for the young Americans abroad. Present indications are that at least six artists will be picked up by other dealers. Abroad her purchases have prompted other Americans and even Europeans to buy. At home early-season shoppers have already snapped up 19 of the 45 works she has on show.

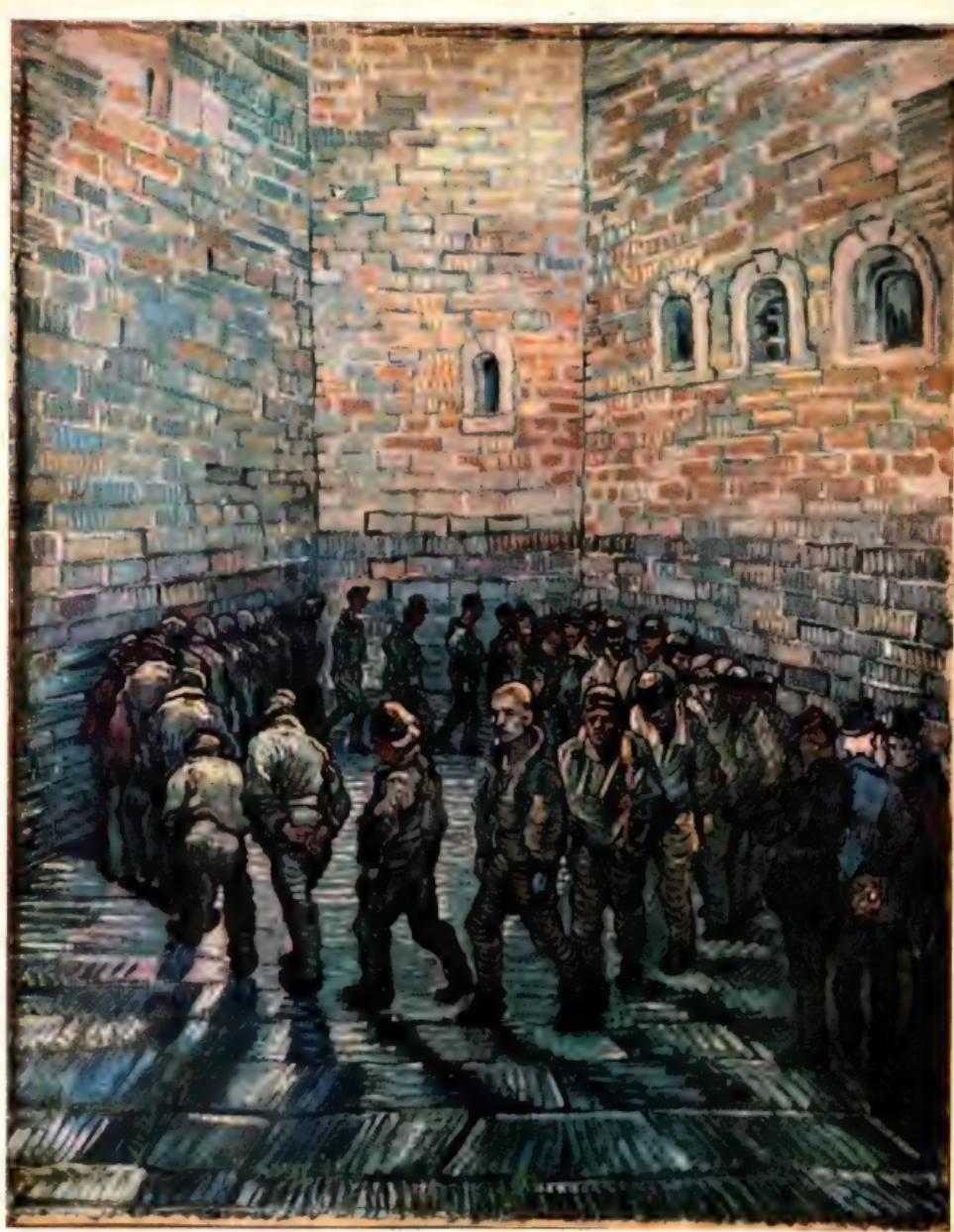
VAN GOGH IN HIGH YELLOW

IN the heat of inspiration, Vincent Van Gogh could put in a straight eleven-hour stretch before his easel, then sit down and write: "These colors give me extraordinary exaltation. I have no thought of fatigue; I shall do another picture this very night, and I shall bring it off. I have a terrible lucidity at moments when nature is so beautiful; I am not conscious of myself any more, and the pictures come to me in a dream."

Such superb passages from Van Gogh's letters to his younger brother, Art Dealer Theo Van Gogh, plus the fact that Van Gogh sliced off his left ear during an epileptic fit, have prompted popularizers to portray him as an artist who raised painting to such a pitch of ecstasy that he went mad. The result has been to make Van Gogh one of the most misinterpreted artists in history. In an ambitious Hollywood effort to right the record and explain the inner workings of an artist, M-G-M this week released its version of Van Gogh's life, *Lust for Life*, based on Irving Stone's high-colored 1934 bestseller.

Intensity & Tragedy. To photograph Van Gogh's original oils, M-G-M sought out the canvases of collectors and museums all around the world, including some of the masterpieces in Moscow's rarely seen collection (see color). Film crews shot on-the-spot takes of the Van Gogh family house in Holland, re-created some of the scenes he painted, retraced his footsteps from the Boringe to Paris and the sun-baked square at Arles.

The film is best when it places the scenes that inspired Van Gogh next to swooping CinemaScope closeups of his paintings. Actor Kirk Douglas (whose natural red beard makes him look astonishingly like Van Gogh's self-portrait) and Anthony Quinn (splendid as the swaggering Paul Gauguin) at times manage to catch what Van Gogh called "the high yellow note" of painting intensity and the "electric arguments" about art which Van Gogh wrote left them "with our heads as exhausted as an electric battery after it is



VAN GOGH'S "PRISON COURT"



"AFTER THE RAIN"

"THE GRAPE HARVEST"



discharged." The film captures the fierce drive and bitter tragedy in the life of Van Gogh, who completed more than 800 paintings in his 37 years, sold only two, and lived on handouts from his brother. But because the Hollywood story builds relentlessly to Van Gogh's ear-slicing for its climax, *Lust for Life* falls midway between being a first-rate art film and high-pitched melodrama.

"Our Pictures Speak." A comparison of Moscow's Van Goghs (M-G-M received transparencies of them too late to include them in the film) makes clear, as the story does not, that Van Gogh's epilepsy halted his painting, but does not explain it. *The Grape Harvest*, painted in the buffeting mistral outside Arles before Van Gogh's first attack, is faithful to the glowing description he wrote his brother of a "red vineyard, all red like red wine. In the distance it turned to yellow, and then a green sky with the sun, the earth after the rain violet, sparkling yellow here and there where it caught the setting sun."

Van Gogh's *Prison Court*, painted in the St. Rémy asylum (where he voluntarily committed himself in 1889 after he slashed his ear), is copied from a Gustave Doré engraving. But despite its somber mood, it shows no shortening of Van Gogh's great talent. In one of his last works, *After the Rain*, painted less



KIRK DOUGLAS AS VAN GOGH*
Madness is not the explanation.

than two months before Van Gogh shot himself at the onset of another epileptic attack, he shows that until the end he could be moved by "the immeasurable plain with cornfields against the hills, immense as a sea . . .

After painting *After the Rain*, Van Gogh, soon to die, wearily stated the problem underlying all efforts to explain painters in words or on celluloid: "The truth is, we can only make our pictures speak."

* With Van Gogh self-portrait.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 24, 1956

RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

With a rumble of kettle drums and a flourish of flags, TV moved into the fall season. Curiously, the week's best drama was a 2,400-year-old Greek tragedy. Jean Anouilh's version of Sophocles' *Antigone* was given a striking, modern-day adaptation by Worthington Miner on NBC's experimentally happy *Kaiser Aluminum Hour*. As Creon, Claude Rains was a fine old despot, and once even squeezed out a real tear. But Rains was all but overborne by the wooden acting of Hollywood Starlet Marisa Pavan. In the title role of the girl trying to bury her brother, Italian-born Marisa was lovely to look at, but she spoke as if she were still lying around the Roman ruins with Gregory Peck in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, with a studio elocution teacher prompting her between takes. Best innovation: Alexander Scourby's one-man chorus describing the death scene, or expounding the tragic theory: "Tragedy is restful and clean. It is firm. It is lawless, it is quiet."

With tragedies in style, James Cagney made his TV dramatic debut on NBC's *Robert Montgomery Presents*, as a fumbling sergeant in the U.S. Military Escort Detachment carrying a flag-draped victim of a Communist mortar shell back to the boy's home town. Life Staff Writer Robert Wallace's script (*Soldier from the Wars Returning*) was a noble-minded but often pedestrian tone poem which confused patriotism with adulation of the anonymous dead. Cagney's usual clipped, staccato style was properly subdued—especially when, at the end, he tried to work out a salvation for his hero: "Where do you go when you die? The book says, 'In my father's house there are many mansions.' Where? In the sky, under the ground, or in the minds of men?"

The real people who appeared on TV last week were more improbable, in spots, than anything in the fictional dramas. Frank Sinatra's new Coldwater Canyon, Calif., home was invaded by an army of Ed Murrow's electronic gremmies only two hours after Frankie had moved in. Kicking off his fourth season on *Person to Person* (CBS), Murrow positioned his cameras in every cranny of Sinatra's two-bedroom Japanese house, with its elaborate hi-fi gadgets, Bing Crosby recordings, a TV set that swings out of its niche to front any chair in the room, and a huge kitchen, chock-full of pizzas. Sinatra bounced around each room with assured grace, talking pure Sinatra. Samples: "I'm very large down in Australia." Pointing to the fancy trappings: "The furniture's finished in teak, you might say," or to a huge Japanese mural painted across an entire wall: "It's a Japanese print, you might say." By contrast, Boston Barrister Joseph Welch, chatting graciously with Murrow from his eleven-room, 150-year-old Walpole, Mass., home, was funny and brimming with sweet charity. Said he: "If I go on having any more fun than

I've had, I will have cheated fate itself."

Elvis Presley, the 21-year-old bobby-soxers' delight, shot the *Ed Sullivan Show's* rating up to 43.7—highest in two years. Actor Charles Laughton, his glib tongue in his dumpling cheek, introduced Elvis with: "Ed insisted I give a high tone to the proceedings," then, to the



Courtesy of NBC

MARISA PAVAN & CLAUDE RAINS
Loveliness was not enough.

frenzied shrieks of the teen-agers, let Hillbilly Presley take over. Crooner Presley, sideburns dripping with sweat and goose grease, mumbled through three songs, gave his guitar a thorough clouting, contorted his mouth suggestively and his pelvis more so. When it was over, parents and critics, as usual, did a lot of futile grumbling at the vulgarity of this strange new phenomenon that must somehow be reckoned with.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Sept. 20. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Climax! (Thurs., 8:30 p.m., CBS). *The Garsten Case*, with Everett Sloane.

Person to Person (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow visits Bette Davis. Bob Considine.

N.C.A.A. Football Game (Sat. 3:15 p.m., NBC). Kentucky vs. Georgia Tech. **Medical Horizons** (Sun. 4:30 p.m., ABC). "Change of Life."

Meet the Press (Sun. 6 p.m., NBC). Guest: John Foster Dulles.

RADIO

Bob Hope Show (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). With Les Brown, Margaret Whiting, Jerry Colonna.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:05 p.m., CBS). Bayreuth Wagnerian Festival.

THE THEATER

CORNERED ANY GOOD STOCKS OR BLONDES LATELY?

In the market for a lode of laughs?

Buy all you can get of a blonde called Laura. She's a sure thing. Bound to go places.

She's a slick chick who wanders in among the bears and bulls and wolves of Wall Street—and really gives Big Business the business!

Judy Holliday plays Laura for all she's worth—which is about a million laughs, give or take a guffaw or two. And Judy's "Born Yesterday" co-star, Paul Douglas, is the terrible-tempered tycoon who learns never to sell a stock—or a blonde—short.

So help us, you couldn't make a sounder investment for you and yours than "THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC," Columbia Pictures' movie of the big Broadway comedy hit. So maybe you don't make a million bucks. You get a million laughs.



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Screen Play by ABC BURROWS · From the play by GEORGE KAUFMAN & HOWARD TEICHMANN

Produced on the stage by MAX GORDON

Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Directed by RICHARD QUINE

Old Play in Manhattan

Saint Joan (by Bernard Shaw*) boasts a title role that is one of the great acting challenges of the modern theater. None of the actresses who have played Shaw's Joan on Broadway—Winifred Lenihan, Katharine Cornell, Uta Hagen—has left a lasting stamp upon the role. At the off-Broadway Phoenix Theater last week, Irish Actress Siobhan (pronounced Shoo-han) McKenna brought something a good deal more memorable to it. Her thick-brogued, almost blatantly peasantlike Joan was all drive



Bob Gallo

SIOBHAN MCKENNA AS JOAN
Intensity in one dimension.

and no dreaminess. She had an unshakable faith in her voices and her mission because it could never occur to her to doubt them; hers was a kind of fanatic's certitude, not a heretic's defiance, less a refusal to "reason" or listen or obey than that deepest incapacity.

Such undeflectable purpose, such one-track-mindedness can have its acting limitations; and Actress McKenna plays with no great range and with a kind of fierce monotony. But by subordinating effect to essence, what Joan does to what Joan is, she makes an audience feel it in close contact with someone, however rare, who is in close communication with something, however intangible.

This is a real achievement, because—though to say so may be a worse heresy than anything Joan was tried for—as a dramatic creation, Shaw's character in large measure fails. As a dialectical crea-

* For other news of Shaw, see BOOKS.

NAVY SETS SPEED RECORD WITH VOUGHT CRUSADER!



THOMPSON TROPHY EVENT

The Thompson Trophy, traditional symbol of speed, has been awarded annually since 1929.

Originally, the trophy event involved a race around pylons with high performance piston-engine aircraft, but its character gradually changed with the advent of jets.

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The first jet race was held in 1946, with the winning plane recording 516 miles an hour.

Now, ten years later, Chance Vought's Crusader — first plane ever entered in the event by the Navy — nearly doubled that speed when it became the first trophy winner to exceed 1,000 miles an hour.

F8U-1 streaks over Thompson Trophy course at **1015.428 mph!**

A standard production model Chance Vought F8U-1 Crusader — averaging a blazing 1,015.428 miles an hour — has set a U. S. speed record and captured the coveted Thompson Trophy for the Navy in that service's first entry in this historic aviation event.

The former official record, set last year, was 822 miles an hour.

Commander Duke Windsor, USN, crack Navy test pilot, streaked over California's Mojave Desert at an altitude of 40,000 feet in setting the record. He made two runs over a precisely measured 15.1 kilometer (9.3 miles) course, trailing a sonic boom across the desert in his wake.

Significantly, the triumph was achieved with a stock, combat fighter, identical with Crusaders soon to be delivered to the U. S. Fleet. It carried a full complement of cannon, and ballast equal to a full ammunition load.

The Crusader's U. S. record — first to top 1,000 miles an hour — marked the third time Chance Vought-designed aircraft have captured the Thompson Trophy. Commander Cook Cleland, USNR, flying as a civilian, piloted Corsair fighters to new records in 1947 and 1949.

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tion, his Joan is superb, just as the massively symbolic, impartially delineated conflict between Joan and the church, the sovereign self and the sovereign institution, inner light and outer law, is magnificently projected. But Shaw did not solve his problem of making Joan personally real by making her slantly realistic and outwardly much like other people. Her reality lay in how she differed from them; and Actress McKenna, by eschewing something three-dimensional yet vaguely radiant for something one-dimensional but

truly intense, comes much closer to revealing it.

Very possibly Shaw's finest play, *Saint Joan* is yet one of his most uneven. The first third is little more than competent chronicle play; it is not till the second third that it becomes vibrantly Shavian; and not till the final third that it grows demonstrably great. At the Phoenix a generally torpid production stressed the play's long, slow climb before achieving—in the Trial Scene and the Epilogue—one of the great peaks of 20th century stage writing.

MILESTONES

Born. To Jean Simmons, 27, hazel-eyed British-born film actress (*Gays and Dolls*), and tall, wavy-haired Stewart Granger, 43 (real name: James Stewart), British-born cinematographer (*Blowout* *Intervention*); their first child (his third), a daughter; in Hollywood. Name: Tracy (for Actor Spencer Tracy). Weight: 7 lbs.

Married. Guy Mitchell, 29, (real name: Al Cernik), beefy songbird of films (*Red Garters*) and records; and blonde Else Sorensen, 22, Danish-born cupcake who wore only a smile and a spray of roses when she posed for *Playboy* magazine's September Playmate (see PRESS); he for the second time, she for the first; in Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Married. Robert Carl ("Zup") Zupke, 77, German-born pig farmer, landscape painter and Katzenjammer-brogued long-time (1913-41) football coach of the University of Illinois, mentor of Red Grange, winner of five Big Ten championships, two ties; and Leona P. Ray, his housekeeper for 23 years; he for the second time, she for the first; in Champaign, Ill.

Died. William Avery (Billy) Bishop, 62, stocky, sandy-haired Canadian flying ace who shot down 72 planes* during World War I, collected a chestful of medals (including Britain's Victoria Cross, France's *Croix de guerre*), later became an oil-firm vice president, was named honorary air marshal of Canada while recruiting flyers during World War II; of cirrhosis of the liver; in Palm Beach, Fla. Billy Bishop —corned stony dying, grimly dived his single-seat Nieuport Scout to within 50 yards of his prey before firing a short, deadly burst from his Lewis gun. He shot down 47 planes in his first five months of battle, made a hero's tour of Britain, Canada and the U.S., returned to down 25 more Germans in twelve days, five of them in a flamboyant two-hour curtain brawl after he had received orders to return to London.

Died. Archibald Montgomery Low, 68, whimsical, wide-ranging British physicist, rocket expert, inventor and author, who

in 1914 demonstrated a primitive form of television, three years later designed the first guided missile, went on to invent a device to photograph sound, a system of radio torpedo control, a drop-proof cigarette ash and a golf putter that lit up when swung correctly, turned out some 30 books of history, science prophecy, weapons development and scientific theory; of a lung ailment; in London.

Died. Archbishop Edwin Vincent O'Hara, 75, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo., who as a young rector in Oregon was named chairman of the state's Industrial Welfare Commission (1913), helped draft the state's first minimum-wage law, became Bishop of Kansas City in 1930, headed a committee which revised (1941) the Catholic version of the New Testament, was given the personal rank of archbishop in 1942; in Milan, Italy.

Died. Dr. Benjamin Minge Duggar, 84, longtime (1927-43) professor of physiology and economic botany at the University of Wisconsin, who was forced by university regulations to retire at 70, took a research job with a drug firm, four years later (1948) announced the discovery of the multi-purpose antibiotic aureomycin; in New Haven, Conn.

Died. Homer Stille Cummings, 86, tall (6 ft., 3 in.), pince-nez, onetime (1933-40) U.S. Attorney General and New Deal workhorse, three-term (between 1900 and 1906) mayor of Stamford, Conn., who in 1933 was picked by President-elect Franklin Roosevelt to govern the Philippine Islands, became Attorney General instead when F.D.R.'s choice for that post, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, died before the inauguration, went on to win New Deal court fights on the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Securities and Exchange Commission, lost cases defending the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, National Recovery Administration, fought bitterly for the Administration's unsuccessful "court-packing" bill (which sought to allow the President to appoint another Supreme Court member for each justice older than 70, with a 15-member limit), battled crime by strengthening the FBI, extending its jurisdiction to kidnaping, racketeering cases; in Washington.

* Three men claimed more: Germany's Baron Manfred von Richthofen, 52; France's Raoul Fonck, 75; and Ireland's Edward Mannock, 73.



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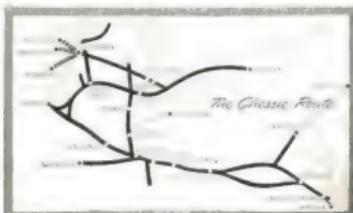
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Quicken Pace

Two soft spots of the 1956 economy—auto sales and housing starts—were hardening up last week. As the first autumn chill spurred buying and business, new 1956 autos were moving from showrooms at a quickening pace of 18,000 a day. Despite the big publicity buildup for the forthcoming 1957 models, dealers' inventories of '56 cars dropped a healthy 10% below last year's totals. And for the first time in three months, home construction rose during August, was holding strong in September. Last month's housing starts galloped along at an annual rate of 1.11 million v. 1.07 million in June, although still behind the 1.34 million starts of last year.

The whole economy was recuperating from a midsummer decline. Business activity in August climbed back to 141% of the 1947-49 level v. 136% in July, when steel was strike-bound. Over the first eight months of 1956, retail stores rang up a record \$123 billion business, about \$4.5 billion above last year. This was due partly to rising prices; wholesale meat prices jumped 6% within the last month alone. But a bigger reason for the expanded volume was that the U.S. factory worker's weekly wages hit a \$70.79 alltime high in August, nearly \$1 over the month before.

Caution. Big companies were rushing headlong to grow with this richer market. Last week Dow Chemical Co. kicked off another \$75 million expansion program. Revere Metals bought land for a \$50 million aluminum plant. One cautionary signal was raised by the Department of Commerce, which warned that this rec-

ond expansion could be sidetracked by a late-year steel shortage. Said *Iron Age* magazine: "When full impact of fourth-quarter automotive production schedules is felt, the already tight market will snap shut like a vise."

But no industry was trying harder to expand than steel itself. Production last week strained to 100.1% of capacity, and makers pushed toward reaching a 1.32 million ton capacity by Jan. 1. Detroit Steel Corp. asked the Government for a fast tax write-off on a \$16.4 million expansion of ingot-making facilities, raising to \$862 million the total fast amortization requests submitted recently by steel companies. To meet the steelmen's needs, iron-ore supplies were also getting a boost. At Silver Bay, Minn., last week, Reserve Mining Co. dedicated the nation's first large-scale taconite processing plant to turn low-grade (25% to 35% iron) taconite ore into high-iron-content pellets. A \$190 million giant with a 3,700,000-ton annual capacity, Reserve's plant is just the first of many. Taconite plants abuilding or planned will have a capacity of 33 million tons annually by 1960, provide some 40% of all inland mill ore supplies.

Confidence. Even fair-dealing Leon H. Keyserling, who was President Truman's chief economist, could find little to complain about. His prediction: "Despite points of vulnerability, the American economy will achieve a new peak of \$400 billion for 1956," and the annual rate will soar far above that figure in the third and fourth quarters. At week's end a poll among directors of the National Sales Executives showed that 99% believed economic prospects for 1957 are "good," and that 98% thought consumer buying would remain strong.



John W. Barry

At two miles, a warning light.

CORPORATIONS

Genius at Work

On the nation's crowded airways, 254 commercial and private planes collided in flight between 1948 and 1955, and there is an average of four near misses a day. After last June's collision of two commercial aircraft over the Grand Canyon took 128 lives (TIME, July 9), the search for a warning device to prevent such disasters in the future became a major concern of U.S. airlines. Last week the airlines finally thought they had found what they wanted. The Air Transport Association approved a collision alarm system blueprinted by Collins Radio Co. of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a company as little known to the public as it is famed in aviation.

Both United Air Lines and American Airlines were negotiating last week with Collins to equip their entire fleets with the alarms, at a cost of about \$6,000 to \$8,000 each. Within two years Collins plans to start installing the device, which will automatically alert the pilot when another aircraft comes within two miles, show him the position of the intruding plane through a system of lights. By 1959 Collins expects to have an improved model that will show the pilot which way to maneuver in order to avert a collision, may even do the whole job automatically.

Echo from the Moon. The collision warner is the latest electronics breakthrough by Arthur A. Collins, 47, the company's founder-president and electronics genius. Collins has captured 80% of the U.S. commercial-airlines market and 60% to 70% of the free-world foreign market in airborne electronics, i.e., equipment for navigation, instrument landing, flight direction, automatic piloting, weath-



Associated Press

RESERVE MINING'S NEW TAUCONITE PLANT IN MINNESOTA
At year's end, a market as tight as a vise.

TIME CLOCK

er radar. His equipment operates along the U.S.'s and Canada's far northern Distant Early Warning (DEW) line. His young company, which grew from a gross of \$72,000 in 1940 to \$12.3 million in fiscal 1956, has bounced radio beams off the moon, shot a high-frequency TV beam 800 miles around the curvature of the earth to bring man closer to the goal of transoceanic television (TIME, May 19, 1952), developed a wingless aircraft, the "Aerodyne" (TIME, Jan. 9), and is now working on highly secret missile-guidance systems and earth satellites.

Art Collins, the publicity-shy son of an Iowa farmer and businessman, built his company upon his lifelong hobby: tinkering with radios. (His newest hobby: tinkering with sports cars.) At 15, he made a newspaper name for himself as a ham operator who contacted the U.S. naval expedition to the North Pole. In 1931, he started turning out ham radio transmitters from a Cedar Rapids basement. Two years later he formed a company with \$29,000 in capital assets.

Start with No. Collins concentrated on high-precision, lightweight amateur radio equipment, soon branched into the growing market of airborne communications. The airlines and the Air Force came to know Art Collins as a bold researcher. In 1937, for example, the Federal Communications Commission had a rule limiting aircraft radio transmitters to 50 watts. Collins developed a 100-watt transmitter that he sold to Braniff Airways. Pink FCC violation slips piled on Braniff's desk, but after a lengthy hassle, the FCC finally permitted Braniff and other carriers to raise their power. Says Collins: "In this business, everything begins with FCC saying no, and you start from there."

Now Collins is pioneering in the development of new radio equipment that may revolutionize airborne radio communications. Collins' system would almost double the number of available ground-air radio channels, would make possible a global communications system by which, for example, SAC's General Curtis LeMay could make instant contact from his Omaha headquarters with any U.S. Strategic Air Command plane flying anywhere in the world. Toward this goal, Collins scored a historic first this summer. With Art Collins at the dials, a U.S. military plane flying atop the North Pole made radio contact with another U.S. craft hovering over the South Pole.

SSB for Jets. Collins worked for seven years to get to that point. He wanted to use a method of transmission called single side band (SSB)* instead of the ampli-

OIL COMPANIES are starting to strike it rich in uranium. Phillips Petroleum Co. has uncovered high-grade ore body with estimated 1,500,000 tons of ore on 1,280-acre lease previously shared with Holly Minerals Corp. near Grants, N. Mex., has started talks with AEC to construct processing mill.

NEW SUPERSONIC BOMBER will be built by North American Aviation (F-86 Sabre, F-100 Super Sabre) for U.S. Navy. North American has \$86 million development contract for 1,000 m.p.h., twin-jet, A3J carrier-based bomber.

MINIMUM WAGE BOOST to \$1 per hour has been extended to 36 more businesses working on Government contracts. Among them: luggage, fireworks, tobacco, evaporated milk, soap, fertilizer, cement, tags, surgical instruments. Total affected thus far: 45.

PACKAGING MERGER between Continental Can Co. and Hazel-Atlas Glass Co. has gone through despite Justice Department objections. Manhattan Federal District court refused temporary injunction blocking merger as antitrust violation, but Justice will proceed with civil suit against Continental, try to undo merger of two companies (second biggest in metal- and glass-container fields, respectively) later.

TURBINE-POWERED SHIP is whopping success so far, reports Maritime Administration. In five-day sea trials, first war-weary Liberty Ship fitted with experimental gas-turbine power plant and longer bow clipped along at 18 knots, almost double original, steam-powered speed.

BIGGEST CAR DEAL in history will be closed by Hertz Corp. and local affiliates. For \$33 million, nation's biggest auto rental outfit will buy 15,600 new 1957 models, 75% of them sedans (Chevrolets, Fords, Plymouths, Oldsmobiles,

tude modulation system used by airplanes. The problem was to cut the size of the bulky equipment needed for SSB, which sometimes occupied an entire room. Collins reduced one huge SSB filter to the size of a fist, trimmed its cost from almost \$1,000 to \$50. Because of this success, Collins figures that the first U.S. jelliners, going into operation in 1958 or 1959, will carry his SSB equipment.

By being able to foresee what equipment will be needed on the aircraft of the future, and by spending \$13 million in the past year to develop it, Collins has piled up an order backlog of \$10 million, mostly for the Government. His next objective is to expand in the only airborne-communications field in which he has yet to win a major interest: the rich and growing market for small executive aircraft.

* In amplitude modulation, the voice rides through space between transmitter and receiver on an electronic carrier and two sidebands. SSB filters out one of these side bands, thus takes only half as much space as AM on the spectrum of radio frequencies, vastly increases the number of airborne radio conversations that can be carried on.

Buicks, Cadillacs), the rest convertibles, sports cars (probably Thunderbirds) and station wagons.

BOEING JETLINERS will probably be bought by Britain's BOAC and other Commonwealth airlines. Boeing is in line to get order for 17 planes from BOAC, another three from South African Airways to add to seven jets recently sold Australia's Qantas Empire Airways. Rumors also buzz that Boeing will get order for 19 more 707s from Howard Hughes's Trans World Airlines, which has already ordered eight.

NEW CITY will be built on last big block of undeveloped land in Los Angeles metropolitan area. For sum in "excess of \$10 million," Transamerica Corp. and Christiansen Oil Corp. (headed by former U.S. Ambassador to Britain Lewis Douglas) have bought 8,000-acre Diamond Bar Ranch near Pomona, only 20 miles from downtown Los Angeles. Plan is for community of 100,000, with shopping centers, schools, churches, 30,000 homes in \$15,000-to-\$40,000 price range.

COAL EXPORTS will be pushed to new record by growing European demand. At current pace, booming overseas business will boost bituminous coal exports to 44 million tons in 1956, some 1,000,000 tons more than previous peak in 1947; anthracite coal is also keeping pace, topped 1,000,000 tons for first seven months of 1956 v. a mere 266,000 tons this time last year.

SHORTER WORK WEEK will be next big labor goal. A.F.L.-C.I.O. officials and research directors met last week in Washington to draw up preliminary plan for demands, such as cutting standard work week to four days totaling 32 hours, with overtime for everything more. One chilling problem, which unionists noted: Do women want their husbands around house three days a week?

GOVERNMENT

Fish Fry

"The Civil Aeronautics Board put out a big net, and they got me, a herring. The barracuda is still swimming around." With these words, a \$10,065-a-year CAB trial attorney, Albert Rupp, 47, shrugged off his dismissal from the board last week for violating the rule that prohibits CAB employees from buying airline stocks. For weeks CAB had been trying to find the man who on Aug. 2, eight days before the official announcement, had tipped off Wall Street about the board's decision to award New England's little Northeast Airlines a lucrative New York-Miami air route. As a result, Northeast stock soared from 9½ to 12½ in a single day's frantic trading (TIME, Aug. 20). For a while it looked as though Lawyer Rupp, who

CIVIC-MINDED EXECUTIVES

Time and Talent Means More Than Money

THE day of the great private fortunes is gone. People no longer can give only money to community projects—they must give themselves." So says Thomas H. Coulter, head of Chicago's Association of Commerce and Industry. With this, most U.S. businessmen are in full agreement. While civic-minded executives and their companies still write generous checks (last year corporate donations of \$100 and up totalled 40% of Community Chest donations, 34% of United Fund contributions), many businessmen are not content to discharge their public responsibilities with cash alone. Instead, more and more executives are donating time and talent to civic projects, from the Red Cross to slum clearance.

Partly, the new attitude comes from the general change in 20th century business philosophy. Where companies were once concerned only with products and payrolls, today's businessman feels that he is a civic leader with a social responsibility to the market he serves. "Business has a golden opportunity to demonstrate that it can be responsive to more needs of society than its material requirements," says Frank Abrams, retired Standard Oil Co. (N.J.) chairman, who spends at least two days each week on civic projects. But partly, too, the new civic-mindedness is just good hardheaded business sense. Chicago's Commonwealth Edison Co., for example, spent more than \$5,000,000 after World War II on promotion to bring some 1,000 new plants to the area, all of which helped Commonwealth as well.

Many U.S. companies have developed elaborate programs of civic aid. Chicago's Marshall Field department store has a special vice president in charge of civic affairs. In Philadelphia, N. W. Ayer Chairman Harry A. Batten organized the Greater Philadelphia Movement, which will open a \$100 million Food Distribution Center in 1958 and eliminate crowded, unsanitary markets in the heart of the city. Each year in Houston, Humble Oil & Refining Co. lends a full-time staff of 100 Humble employees to help organize the United Fund drive, while Boeing Airplane Co. President William Allen, who is 1956 national chairman of United Community Campaigns of America, will lend six of his bright young executives to the Seattle Community Chest this year, pay their salaries while they spend three months organizing plant solicitation drives.

In companies with no formal program, the president often encourages

his top men to do as much as they can on their own in civic affairs. Richard H. Rich, boss of Atlanta's big Rich's department store, keeps careful check on how active his supervisory workers are in civic affairs. Says Rich: "The minute a man or woman becomes a supervisor, we urge him to get into civic work. We believe it is part of good leadership to be a good citizen." Such giants as IBM, Chrysler, Ford, General Motors, American Telephone & Telegraph, National Cash Register, all encourage employees to take on public tasks; at Du Pont so many executives are active that the company makes a point of cautioning them to "participate in, but not dominate" Delaware's civic projects.

As companies increase their civic work, the heaviest load inevitably falls on the president himself. Just as he has the know-how, energy and contacts to make his business succeed, so is he invaluable to civic projects. Republic Steel's President Thomas F. Patton, Detroit Edison's President Walker L. Cister, Chairman Laurence Whitemore of New England papermaker Brown Co., give anywhere from 10% to 30% of their time to civic projects. In Los Angeles, Hardwareman-Banker Vic Carter was so busy that he either had to cut down his civic activities or his business. His choice: to sell his Builders Emporium, a popular, Sears-like operation for do-it-yourselfers, so he could devote more time to community affairs. In Denver President Joseph Ross of Denver's Daniels & Fisher department store currently lends or serves on some 33 Denver civic projects. And, says a friend, "Joe doesn't just talk; he works, he drives, he produces."

Many businessmen and civic leaders deplore the fact that too much of the work is still done by those who have always done it—for a willing worker is in high demand. They also point out that there are still too many "letter-headers," businessmen who merely lend their names to a civic campaign without also lending their time. Recently, however, more young men are sharing the load. Both they and their companies realize that it will give them invaluable experience: they will meet the top men in their fields, learn to talk and think on their feet. When Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Vice President George M. Dean, whose special baby is Seattle's United Good Neighbor fund, first started tapping junior executives in 1952, he got just ten men; last year he got 48 men from 30 companies.

had bought 1,000 shares of Northeast stock, was the culprit.

As it turned out, Ruppar may have been guilty of incredibly bad judgment, but not of tipping off the board's decision. He had bought his stock on the morning of Aug. 3, a day after the leak, when Northeast stock was already rising fast, on a tip from a broker friend. Ruppar got 500 shares at 10½, later picked up another 500 at around 12. After holding the stock for several days, he sold in the middle of a profit-taking drop, actually lost an estimated \$1,600 on the deal. That left the CAB, the FBI and the Senate Investigations Subcommittee still looking for the barracuda. But the case had already served one good purpose: from now on CAB will announce its route awards as soon as it makes its decision, thus preventing anyone, inside or out, from making a killing.

BUSINESS ABROAD

East v. West

"In continental Western Europe the general picture is one of a continuing strong growth of output, with boom conditions especially pronounced in France, Western Germany and The Netherlands. In the United Kingdom, on the other hand, total industrial output has fallen decisively below the level reached at the end of last year." Thus did the latest seasonal report of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Europe last week sum up the economy of Western Europe.

In the first quarter of 1956, said ECE, continental Western Europe's total industrial output soared 26% over the 1955 figure while Britain's limped along at a 13% gain. Output of consumers' durable goods rose 96% in West Germany, 68% in Italy, 50% in France, only 28% in Britain. Accelerating Britain's slump was her skidding production of autos, chemicals, textiles.

German Rise. The big reason for Britain's slide was mounting competition from West Germany. While Britain's gold and dollar holdings dropped, West Germany's shot from \$134 million to \$360 million. So fast was West Germany forging ahead of her Western neighbors in exports and payment balances that ECE cautioned that "the increasing divergence between the balance of international transactions of Western Germany and of other countries does constitute a potential threat both to the future progress of trade liberalization in Western Europe and the continued expansion of the Western European economy."

Still, Germany and the rest of the booming continent share one problem with Britain. A pressing labor shortage is curtailing industrial expansion throughout Europe, said ECE. As a result, demand is outraging supply, and prices are on the way up.

Russian Gain. ECE also reported sizable increases in production in the Iron Curtain countries—based on their own somewhat questionable statistics. Soviet Russia's three big agricultural areas this year expect to

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Price 100%

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September 12, 1956.

This announcement appears for purposes of record.

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September 11, 1956.

produce 60 million tons of grain v. 36 million tons before Nikita Khrushchev plowed into the virgin lands of Kazakhstan and Siberia in 1954.

First-half industrial output increases over the same period of 1955 mounted by 13% in Bulgaria, 12% in the U.S.S.R., 11% in Poland, 10% in Czechoslovakia, 7% in East Germany and Hungary. But East Germany fell 3% short of its own production goals, largely because of the flight of 142,000 refugees to West Berlin in the first half of 1956. In Czechoslovakia the coal mines were harassed by a big rise in absenteeism (miners missed 18% of the shifts v. 9% prewar). Besides the manpower shortage, another big production bottleneck in the East was the lack of fuel and other sources of energy. In the first six months of 1956, Russian oil-refinery output dropped 400,000 tons short of its plan. Rumanian and Hungarian oil production also fell behind schedule.

Consumer Lag. Whatever the progress in the East, the consumer was slow to benefit. In Eastern countries goods are still short, and the average worker must spend all or most of his wages just to feed himself, his wife and two children. ECE calculated that a monthly breadbasket, including just 4 lbs. of meat, 3.3 lbs. of butter and lard and 9 eggs per person, would cost 110% of the average worker's income in Rumania, 105% in Bulgaria, 95% in Poland, 93% in Hungary, 88% in the U.S.S.R., 77% in Czechoslovakia, 72% in East Germany. Concluded ECE: "The rate of increase [in personal consumption] has lagged behind popular expectations in some countries, notably East Germany, Hungary and Poland."

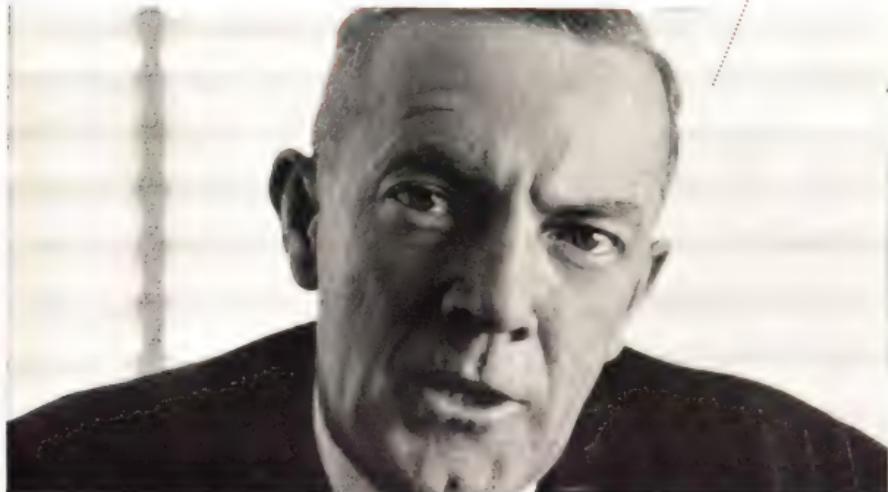
RAILROADS

Three into One?

At a bull session recently three long-time friends and railroaders—Delaware, Lackawanna & Western President Perry M. Shoemaker, Erie President Paul W. Johnston, and Delaware & Hudson President William White—sat down to chew over some common problems. All three run middle-sized, prosperous Eastern roads, but all face one long-range problem: how to compete effectively against both their own industry's giants and the growing inroads made by trucks and airlines. Last week the bull session grew into something more solid. The roads were talking merger, as equal partners in a single big line that would become the eighth biggest in the U.S., with 4,092 miles of railroad between New York and Chicago (see map), assets approaching \$1 billion, and operating revenues of \$300 million annually.

Thus far each of the roads has been able to go it alone. The Erie, biggest of the three (2,338 miles), picked up enough revenue carting freight between the Great Lakes and the Eastern industrial area to turn a \$7,900,000 profit last year, expects a 10% boost this year. The small (792 miles) D. & H. is also in good shape; through the Delaware & Hudson holding company it picked up 34% of its traffic,

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Tim Map by V. Pugli

mostly from its own coal mines, netted \$8,000,000 last year on a gross of \$76.9 million. Only the 962-mile Lackawanna is in any semblance of trouble; a \$7,500,000 flood-damage bill and heavy losses from its commuters (who fondly call it the "Delay, Linger & Wait," but appreciate its on-time trains) helped drag the road to a \$1,000,000 deficit last year. But its freight business between New Jersey and Buffalo is so good that the Lackawanna will climb back into the black in 1956.

Nevertheless, the roads are sure to profit by a merger. All three run parallel routes along sizable sections of track, could save millions in maintenance and tax charges by abandoning some sections, downgrading others. Since all three are dieselized, they would need less equipment, could shift engines from one section to another as traffic demanded, could also combine many duplicating services, from secretaries to freight yards.

While nothing will be done about a merger until a yearlong study is completed, all three presidents were obviously in favor of such a plan. As for the Interstate Commerce Commission, which must approve any merger, it would probably raise a cheer. The ICC has consistently advised U.S. roads to economize and compete by combining facilities whenever they can.

FASHION

The Galatean Look

The American woman is not likely to be pushed into any radical bathing suits next year, but she may have to be pulled into them. Reason: skintight sweater- and sheath-like suits will dominate the 1957 lines. As the first fall showings got under way in New York last week, it was plain that bathing-suit manufacturers had taken their style cues largely from Broadway: a trend to the *My Fair Lady* look,



ROSE MARIE REID



COLE OF CALIFORNIA
There are secrets inside.



CATALINA

with Empire bosoms, the half-shell bra, wide shoulder straps, Gay-Nineties stripes, and knee-length pants that can be rolled up for swimming.

"Inner secrets," says Rose Marie Reid, "create a foundation fit," for a *maillot* of zephyr wool and Lastex. Catalina's striped suit, resembling a TV channel that needs focusing, is made of lisle cotton, clings to the bodice, has loose, boy-length shorts. Cole of California's "Venus" is a wrapped-to-the-figure white drape. "It's putty in your hands," says Cole, "but on your figure it sculpts you as Pygmalion sculptured Galatea."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Memory Machine. International Business Machines introduced a memory computer to step up office automation. The computer will tell a businessman immediately how daily transactions in sales, payroll, inventory, production, etc. affect any desired aspect of his business. Called RAMAC (Random Access Memory Accounting machine), the computer also serves as an electronic filing cabinet in which company figures are stored on 50 magnetic metal disks, will turn out any needed figure in seconds, thus eliminate endless hours of file checking. Rental per month: \$3,250.

Mud for Deep Oil. The Magnolia Petroleum Co. announced a drilling mud that will make it possible to reach oil at depths that could never be attempted before, save more than \$50,000 in costs on deep wells. Chemical muds are pumped down inside a drill pipe to the bit and then back up the hole, thus holding down subterranean oil pressures, keeping the bit cool, and carrying the drill cuttings back up to the surface. In deep holes, conventional muds jell under the intense heat and dry up at 300° F., cause expensive delays. The new muds, DMS (Drilling Mud, Surfactant) and DME (Drilling Mud, Emulsifier), which are chemically similar to automobile antifreeze, work like detergents to eliminate the drill cuttings, withstand pressures up to 20,000 lbs. per sq. in. at temperatures up to 500°. In the search for more oil, the new muds will make it possible to drill 10,000 ft. deeper: e.g., South Texas, now limited to 15,000 ft., could go to 25,000 ft.; South Louisiana, with the world's deepest oil well (22,000 ft.), could now exceed 30,000 ft.

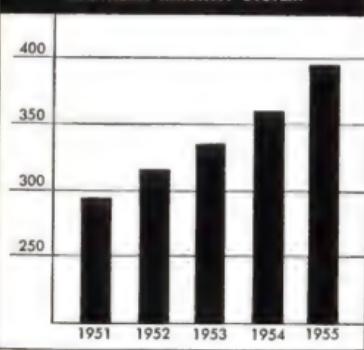
Cellophane Print. At the Packaging Machinery and Material Convention in Cleveland, the Dennison Mfg. Co. showed a new process that makes it possible to bond labels to Cellophane, is more economical than printing. Called Therimage, the bonding process is based largely on an old device of "printing by transfer." A special heat-and-pressure machine is attached to standard packaging units, then labels made of gumlike inks are fed into it. The machine's heat releases the ink from the label, presses it firmly onto the Cellophane, in a process much like fixing a decal.



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And 1956 promises to be a record-breaker, too! Work has begun on 189 new plants and major expansions that will cost \$223 million. Other industrial projects already announced will total another \$400 million. And just look at the variety of products they'll make—aluminum, caustic-chlorine, paper and paper products, cellulose, tobacco, vitreous ware, cement, electrical appliances, steel, carpeting and many others.

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President

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CINEMA

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The offer is made only by the Prospectus.

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North American Aviation, Inc.

Capital Stock

\$1 Par Value

Rights, evidenced by subscription warrants, to subscribe for these shares have been issued by the Company to the holders of its Capital Stock, which rights will expire at 2:30 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time on September 24, 1956, as more fully set forth in the Prospectus.

Subscription Price \$38 a Share

The several Underwriters may offer shares of Capital Stock at prices not less than the Subscription Price, or with other discounts, in case of sale to dealers, the concession allowed to dealers; and not more than either the last sale or current offering price on the New York Stock Exchange, whichever is greater, plus an amount equal to the applicable New York Stock Exchange Commission.

Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from only such of the undersigned as may legally offer these Shares in compliance with the securities laws of the respective States.

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September 11, 1956.

The New Pictures

The *Vagabond King* (Paramount) provides a multimillion-dollar answer to a question that nobody has been asking. Where are the snores of yesteryear? In 1901, the short, unhappy life of François Villon, the notorious balladist of 15th century France, was rewritten by Playwright Justin McCarthy as a long, claptrap rapier romance that held the stage for decades and made E. H. Sothern the most famous scenery-chewer of his time.

In 1925, when audiences went sour on all the high-flown words, Operettist Rudolf Friml sweetened them up with some



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it Straight

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aid in preventing
and relieving
Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children



THE WORLD OVER

pleasant, sugary music. The *Vagabond King* ran for 511 performances on Broadway, and had every high-school tenor in the country gargling such sentimental favorites as *Only a Rose*, *Someday* and *The Vagabond Song*. Hollywood made a movie of the musical in 1930—not to mention two film versions of the McCarthy play in 1920 and 1938—and now the poor poet's corpse has been dug up once again.

Not Technicolor, not VistaVision can conceal the overripe condition of the subject; and the silly new script ("Your rapid maneuvers leave me breathless indeed!"), along with a down-the-same-old-rut production, is ill-calculated to restore life. The principals, Kathryn Grayson and a European tenor called Oreste, sing about as well as most people do in the movies, though at times the audience may find itself wishing that Oreste, who can holler pretty loud when he's a mind to, had two names and only one lung.

Walk the Proud Land (Universal-International) is a western with a difference: the Indians, or most of them, are the good guys. The movie purports to be the true story of John Philip Clum (Audie

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Murphy). Indian agent for the Department of the Interior, who was sent to Tucson, Ariz., in 1874 to represent the U.S. Government in its relations with the Apaches. Clum arrived with a novel idea, viz., that the Apaches are human.

It is the kind of idea that makes him unpopular with the local Army general, the state governor and the boys in the corner saloon, who begin calling him an "Indian lover." Meanwhile, back on the reservation, black-eyed Tianay (Anne Bancroft), a squaw who is "much woman," moves in on Audie with the conviction that he is "much man." Rather stiffly, Audie refuses to prove it in their adobe cottage, explaining that he is already "pledged," and that at best a white man can handle only one wife at a time. But he does prove, in 88 minutes flat, that a white man can singlehanded do better than the entire U.S. Army at hunting down Indian rebels, and can bring peace, freedom and prosperity to the Apaches provided, of course, that the scriptwriter is on his side.

Anybody who thinks that wooden-faced Audie Murphy is trying to play the man in front of the cigar store is wrong. He is not.

The Last Wagon (20th Century-Fox). "Oooo!" gasps Felicia Farr. "I didn't know Comanches kissed like this!" She is all alone on a butte with Richard Widmark, a renegade white raised by Indians, who promptly introduces her to some even more interesting Comanche customs. "Girls and ponies both," Widmark muses. "The younger you break 'em in the hettter . . . You been broke in yet?" Felicia says no, but it's obvious she'd like to be, especially after he tells her about a tepee he has seen that is all of 20 feet across. But before they can move in, there are a few details to be attended to—like say 300 Apaches waiting for them to come down off that butte. There is the further difficulty of four murders charged to Widmark's account, but a kindly old general is willing to forget about such minor matters if the hero is willing to accept the heroine's custody for as long as they both shall live—decision the synopsis calls "worthy of Solomon."

Back from Eternity (RKO Radio) is a sort of air-travel poster that looks as if it had been issued by the railroad lobby. As the *Aere Pan Latina* plane, a beat-up old biplane, goes whiffling over the Central American jungle, the pilot (Robert Ryan) has a black-coffee-and-dark-glasses hangover, and the copilot (Keith Andes) is a scared kid with no more flying time in his log than a week-old wren. Even less reassuring is the passenger list: a political assassin (Rod Steiger), a small-time hood (Jesse White), a drunken cop (Fred Clark), a fallen woman (Anita Ekberg) who is on her uppers—a condition which, in the shapey case of Actress Ekberg, leaves her with plenty to cushion her fall. Pretty soon a storm comes up, and the plane goes down in a jungle inhabited by headhunters. Everybody is terribly



ANITA EKBERG
Her fall was cushioned.

worried, of course, as well they may be. Perhaps they remember the 1939 version of this movie called *Five Came Back*. Since there are eleven of them, things look bad for at least six.

CURRENT & CHOICE

War and Peace. An uneven but brilliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's great novel, with some of the best battle pieces ever seen on film; with Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer (TIME, Sept. 10).

Bus Stop. Don Murray ropes, brands and corrals expert Comedienne Monroe in a rowdy and amusing version of William Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 3).

Somebody Up There Likes Me. The punk-to-puncher saga of ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano; with Paul Newman and Pier Angeli (TIME, July 23).

La Strada. A bittersweet fable about a half-wit girl and a brutal carnival强man; with Anthony Quinn and Giulietta Masina (TIME, July 23).

The King and I. The lavish musical version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Broadway hit, with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr (TIME, July 16).

Moby Dick. Captain Ahab harrows the oceans in his search for the great white whale; with Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart, Orson Welles (TIME, July 9).

The Killing. Only a cops and robbers item, but the skulduggery is skillfully controlled by Director Stanley Kubrick (TIME, June 4).

The Bold and the Brave. A war film with ideas that hit as hard as bullets; with Wendell Corey, Don Taylor, Mickey Rooney (TIME, April 16).

Richard III. Dirty work at the Tower of London as reported by the propagandist pen of William Shakespeare and chillingly played by Sir Laurence Olivier (TIME, March 12).

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BOOKS

Marquand Wife

THE SUCCESS (370 pp.)—Helen Howe—*Simon & Schuster* (\$3.95).

What John Marquand has done for the ambitious Harvardman in rebellion against his New England background, Boston-born-and-bred Helen Howe² sets out to do for the Harvardman's ambitious wife.

Fun-loving Maggie Fraser comes from the socially acceptable environs of Beacon Hill, with Fanueil blue blood on her mother's side. Maggie herself is bouncy and bossy enough to have been a queen bee at Vassar ('22). She is no beauty, but to some masculine eyes she flashes with the radiance of a "Fourth-of-July sparkler." From Vassar, Maggie marches forth to conquer Broadway, and is so chagrined by her failure that she quickly settles for marriage to Dexter Bradfield, 6 ft. 2 of Harvard muse and inarticulateness.

Eight years later, Maggie has a daughter and a surfeit of Dexter. Then she meets Ray Masters, a Manhattan adman turned novelist, whose "brown eyes, with their heavy lashes, looked almost boldly into Maggie's." Dexter takes the bad news like a true son of John Harvard, and, with her second husband, Maggie at last moves into the New York-Hollywood glamour spheres she always dreamed about. But Ray's reedlike pliancy proves as irritating as Dexter's rocklike immobility. The only way to achieve success, Maggie sees, is to do it on her own and, with the men away in World War II, she does. She leaps ever higher up the dizzy crags of Madison

Avenue, until she reaches the pinnacle—her own radio chatter program.

But now, like each of Marquand's heroines, Helen Howe's heroine discovers "surprise"! that success is not enough. Her husband comes home from the war dreaming of a Japanese mistress. Her daughter turns from Maggie to a tweedy aunt and the earthy delights of raising sheep dogs. An old school chum, who had stayed home all these years having babies, gains fame as a poet. Alone and unchoreographed, Maggie would like to believe she is simply paying the price for having lived too hard, "but fear gripped her suddenly that she had not lived at all."

Novelist Howe's book is most satisfying when it careens through the sacred precincts of Holy Old Boston. She does a brilliant autopsy on Maggie's Bradfield in-laws, with their clapboard Essex County cottages named after characters in Gilbert and Sullivan and their stupefying Sunday evenings of jolly songs, recitations and parlor games. As her first husband explains: "The whole point of a family party is that you don't have to talk. It would ruin it if you had to be thinking of things to say." But once Maggie is launched into the world beyond Boston, her own superficiality merges into the larger cultural desert. In this hostile territory, Author Howe seems nearly as dazed as her heroine and falls back on those staples of the lady novelist: faithfully recorded but unexciting dialogue, minute cataloguing of the interiors of houses and the exteriors of people.

Sad Gay Ladies of Japan

THREE GEISHAS (253 pp.)—Kikou Yamata—*John Day* (\$3.50).

The Japanese judge the private life of a geisha by the discretion of her indiscretions. Occidentals have been known to ignore her rigorous dance and song training and to lump her with the common prostitute, but this is patently unfair. Together with the hetairae of ancient Greece and the courtesans of France, the geisha belongs to the aristocracy of dalliance.

Author Yamata (*Lady of Beauty*) is quick to admit that some geishas are merely beautiful dumb brunettes. But the trio whose authentic life stories she tells in her spare, grave and yet oddly debonair book, were bright, courageous women possessed of enough tragic dignity to become enshrined in Japan's human legend.

The *Lonely Singer*, Okiechi, the first of Author Yamata's geishas, has a special interest for Americans as a kind of lively skeleton in the U.S. diplomatic closet. Just short of 100 years ago, it was Okiechi's destiny at the age of 18 to be assigned as paramour to 50-year-old Townsend Harris, first U.S. consul to Japan. Indeed, Harris, a white-thatched descendant of Roger Williams, threatened to break off trade treaty negotiations with Japanese officials until the girl was installed in his living quarters near the seacoast town of Shimoda. Long before she caught the



William Rutherford

AUTHOR YAMATA & GEISHA PAINTING
From Brooklyn to bitter rendezvous.

consul's roving eye, Okiechi was renowned for her beauty, her regal bearing and her torch songs. Her true love was her childhood sweetheart, a peasant carpenter named Tsuru-Matsu, but after Townsend Harris' ultimatum, Japanese officials lured Tsuru-Matsu away from Okiechi with promises of making him a samurai. On the rebound from this desertion, Okiechi agreed to go to lonely, kindly Consul Harris, and she fell in love with her middle-aged diplomatic Pinkerton.

Unfortunately for her, Harris' arrangements with the Japanese called for the geisha to be spirited away whenever the "black ships" of the Americans were in port—and as these absences lengthened, Okiechi consoled herself with sake. Consolation became alcoholic degradation, and Harris would have nothing more to do with her. No samurai, but still a carpenter, Tsuru-Matsu came back and married her; but love and liquor would not mix. When she was told that Townsend Harris had been buried "among the silent hills of Brooklyn," Okiechi lingered on a few years, then suffered a paralytic stroke; dragging herself painfully to the banks of the Inubusawa River, she committed suicide.

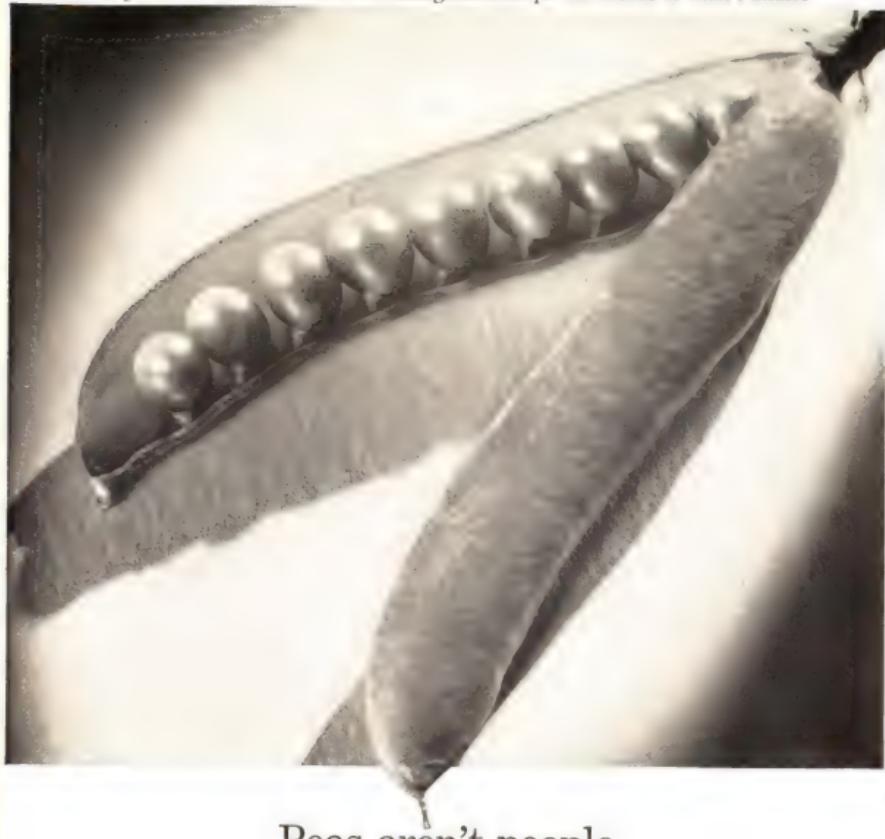
Nowadays Shimoda stages an annual "Carnival of the Black Ships" celebrating the U.S. opening of Japan to the West, and an actress assumes the honored role of Okiechi. But, says Author Yamata, U.S. ambassadors do not stay to acknowledge that portion of the ceremony.

The *Discreet Caree Girl*, O-Koi, second of the geishas, tailored her kimono-clad ambitions along career-woman lines. Her first lover was a stockbroker, her only husband a famed Kabuki actor who later deserted her. After two leading wrestlers (as prestigious in Japan as bullfighters in Spain) staged a public match for her favors, she came to the attention of the Prime Minister, Taro Katsura, and became his mistress. Throughout the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05, O-Koi had a



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place in Katsura's inmost councils without betraying a single confidence.

But the geisha had hitched her fortunes to a falling star. Though Japan won the war, the peace terms were unpopular, and the press reviled Katsura and his "concubine." With rioters in the streets, O-Koi had the presence of mind to tack a FOR RENT sign on her house, and hid out in a back room. The lovers were reunited before Katsura's death, and O-Koi later entered a Buddhist nunnery, where she died after the end of World War II.

The Plucky Poet. The story of Tsumakichi has the universal appeal of plain grit. During one night of horror in her 17th year, Tsumakichi woke to find a human head rolling past her on the tea-house veranda, saw a samurai sword flash twice toward her own body, leaving her armless. Her herserk adoptive father, the manager of the teahouse, had lopped off the heads of five of the six people sleeping under his roof that night. Primarily a dancer, she painfully mastered a new art. Holding a paintbrush between her teeth, she learned to paint ideograms and to draw designs on silk belts. Reading her own poetry, she won new fame throughout Japan. Tsumakichi, too, eventually entered a Buddhist nunnery, and is still alive, surrounded at 67 by the reverence that is accorded a Helen Keller.

The geisha may be disappearing with the swift-changing status of the Japanese woman. But whether she prove phoenix or fossil, the geisha has found a compassionate historian in Author Yamata, a writer who knows how to highlight her heroines against the backdrop of theatrical restaurants and teahouses through whose sliding bamboo panels these sad gay ladies of Japan move to their discreet, historic and bittersweet rendezvous.

G. B. S. Revisited

BERNARD SHAW [628 pp.]—St. John Ervine—Morrow (\$7.50).

Writing a Bernard Shaw biography is perhaps the most inviting and yet the most thankless task in the literary game, because all his life Shaw wrote his own. He was the most articulate, most relentlessly self-documenting man of his time. The publication of yet another book about G.B.S., therefore, seems both foolhardy and unnecessary. But this one is timely, for it comes at a moment when pygmy critics are beginning to kick the dead giant around (*TIME*, Aug. 13). Irish Dramatist St. John Ervine suggests both why the critics are acting that way and why they are wrong. One trouble is that Shaw flouted the romantic conception of what a great artist should be.

G.B.S. never lay in a ditch all night, boozed up to the eyebrows. He never broke a promise, never let a friend down, stubbornly refused to die in poverty. And he was faithful to his wife—even when Mrs. Patrick Campbell toppled him to the floor, and herself on top of him, in an effort to change his mind.

Fabian as Lover. Biographer Ervine was a close friend of Bernard and Charlotte Shaw for more than 30 years. If Shaw had had some beastly secret tucked up his sleeve, Ervine could now disclose it—and send Shaw's stock booming. But the new material in his book, consisting of unpublished correspondence with the Shaws and diaries kept by G.B.S., merely stresses what has always been widely feared—that, though Shaw "enjoyed carnal concurrence" with women, he thought he had greater talent as a playwright.

Ervine's view is both more intimate and more level than that of earlier Shawian

biographers, who usually presented him as a fabulous monster. Ervine is able to discuss his immense shyness, to hide him when necessary for the "tosh" that often came from his "spinsterly mind," to assert, against all previous evidence, that he was generous in money matters, and to dispose of Oxford Don A.J.P. Taylor's assertion that "Shaw was never unhappy." Shaw's loveless childhood, drink-ridden father and hungry adolescence make it quite clear that few university dons have started life with so many handicaps or so much courage. In some versions of his life, G.B.S. seems so cold and distant that friends appear merely as puppets. Not so in this book—as is evident from Biographer Ervine's memorable description of Mrs. Sidney Webb and her husband, both Shaw's fellow Fabians: "Her embraces sometimes seemed more like assaults than endearments. [Sidney] would sit in his chair, with a statistical abstract in one hand and a *White Paper* in the other, while she balanced on his lap like an entranced hour."

A similar picture might be drawn of Shaw himself and his long succession of aggressive girl friends. Biographer Ervine chronicles them all with a precision not diminished by his dignity. At one point, Shaw was carrying on six affairs at the same time, but of these women "only two were carnally known to him, and he was not the first lover of either of them."

Intellect as Passion. Shaw left no children and "expressed regret that his marriage had been fruitless." The fact was, says Biographer Ervine, that Charlotte Payne-Townshend had a morbid "horror of sexual relations." But no man ever had a better helpline than Charlotte. When she died in 1943, Shaw became "hysterical" with sorrow, shedding tears one moment and trying to sing the next.

Few men are endowed with an intellectual genius that can compensate for physical deprivation. But Shaw was—and it is this quality that his detractors find so inhuman. "Recognize." Shaw once told Ervine, "that intellect is a passion; that is, an activity of life, far more indispensable than physical ecstasy."

Perhaps the most important service rendered by Biographer Ervine is a reminder that the critics are wrong in taking everything Shaw said about himself at face value. He told, for instance, how he had sponged off his mother while he was trying to learn his trade as a writer. This picture of the callous genius—which was to appear in many of his plays—delighted him, but it was totally untrue, says Ervine. Similarly, Shaw roared outrageous—and contradictory—political, social and economic opinions that, often as not, were hyperbole.

Debate as Poetry. He was not so much a born storyteller as a born debater. But debate to him was what poetry is to other men. Even in his teens, he wrote letters to the editor instead of verse, and to a girl he would say triumphantly: "Have I not made you think?" He played with opinions as versifiers play with words. Don Juan's speech in *Man and Superman*

RECENT & READABLE

With Love from Gracie, by Grace Hegger Lewis. Candid reminiscences by the first wife of Sinclair Lewis about life with the man who created Babbitt very nearly in his own image (*TIME*, Sept. 17).

Old Soldiers Never Die, by Wolf Mankowitz. A richly comic novel about a Cockney indestructible and his mute pal, who trip up Britain's Welfare State (*TIME*, Sept. 17).

Caleb, My Son, by Lucy Daniels. A 22-year-old Southern girl's soft-spoken, painfully honest tale of the new hopes and old heartaches that the Supreme Court's anti-segregation decision brought to the South (*TIME*, Sept. 10).

Richard the Third, by Paul Murray Kendall. A spirited historian tilts a lance with Shakespeare to prove that Richard III was no worse than a 15th century Plantagenet should be (*TIME*, Sept. 10).

Beyond the Aegean, by Ilias Venizis. A poetic, nostalgic Greek lament

for a pastoral Eden, as a boy and his grandfather knew it in pre-World War I Anatolia (*TIME*, Sept. 3).

A Certain Smile, by Françoise Sagan. That *Bonjour Tristesse* girl does it again in a novel in which sun triumphs over everything but syntax (*TIME*, Aug. 20).

The Sailor, Sense of Humour and Other Stories, by V. S. Pritchett. Saints, scoundrels and scapogeants put nimbly through the short-story hoop by a top critic (*TIME*, Aug. 20).

Bitter Honeymoon, by Alberto Moravia. Sardonic short stories from the fine Italian hand of one of the ablest novelists alive on his favorite theme, the battle of the sexes—that war in which all victories are Pyrrhic (*TIME*, Aug. 13).

The Straight and Narrow Path, by Honor Tracy. The farce of the year, by an Irishwoman who has no qualms about pulling Irish legs, even when they protrude beneath the casocks of parish priests (*TIME*, July 30).

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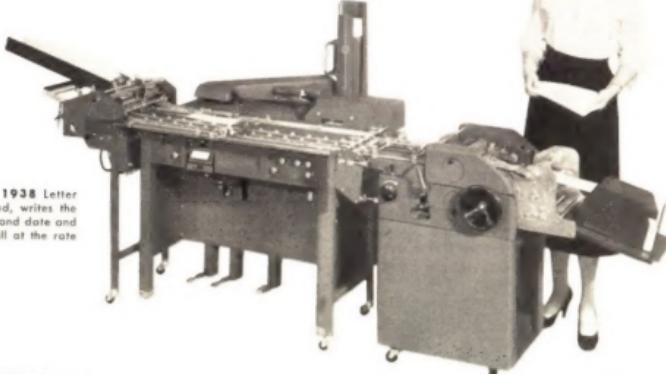


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("They are not prosperous; they are only rich. They are not loyal, they are only servile; not dutiful, only sheepish; not public-spirited, only patriotic," etc.), is really a prose aria balancing on a counterpoint of ideas.

On the whole, Biographer Ervine has written a solid, slow, yet readable account. It is duller, but more complete, than Hesketh Pearson's brilliant portrait (1930). And it firmly supports Shaw's claim to being the greatest dramatist in the English language since Shakespeare—a claim recently supported by his erratic fellow Irishman, Sean O'Casey. Wrote O'Casey in a memorable tribute: "Look at the Theatre as it was . . . So sob-sisterly, so stupid, so down to dust was the Theatre then that God turned his back to it, made for Shaw, caught him by the beard, saying, 'Go up, my Irish son, and show, Shaw, what my Theatre should be, can be, for you're the one to do it.' And the great man went up to do what he had been bidden to do, making once more the Theatre a fit place for man and God to go to, to laugh, and to think out life as life was lived."

Outsiders Don't Know

PEYTON PLACE (372 pp.)—Grace Metalious—Julian Messner (\$3.95).

A month before this book's publication, Boston papers broke into a rash of headlines: SPICY BOOK HAS NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN AGOG. The town: Gilmanton (pop. 750). The book's author: Novelist Grace Metalious, 32, plump, pony-tailed, blue-jeaned wife of the principal of Gilmanton's grammar school. The school board had not renewed George Metalious' contract, but the decision was taken, said the board convincingly, before anyone knew what was in the book. Still, Grace remarked grandly to reporters: "I knew this would happen. Everybody who lives in a small town knows what's going on—but they don't want outsiders to know."

No wonder. Every character in Peyton Place, from the gaudily bench-sitters on Elm Street to the assured local mill owner, has a lurid history that John O'Hara's characters might envy. Novelist Metalious suggests that sex is never long out of the town's mind; anyway, it seldom is out of hers. Her hero (strangely enough a schoolteacher with a Greek name) courts the local widow with such niceties as "a stunning blow across the mouth with the back of his hand." And her love scenes are as explicit as love scenes can get without the use of diagrams and tape recorder. By sheer volume, the low animal moans produced "deep in the throat" by Peyton Place's mating females must be audible clear to White River Junction.

But when Authoress Metalious is not all flustered by sex, she captures a real sense of the tempo, texture and tensions in the social anatomy of a small town. Her ear for local speech is unflinching down to the last four-letter word, and her characters have a sort of raw-boned vitality that may produce low animal moans in many a critic's throat.

MISCELLANY

La Différence. In Detroit, embarrassed because her first name sounded too masculine, Mrs. Eddie Jefferson petitioned to have it changed to Billie.

By the Book. In Trapani, Sicily, after he tried to commit suicide and missed, Giuseppe Cavallo was jailed, told it is illegal to shoot oneself without a firearms permit.

Preventive War. In Melbourne, Australia, thieves broke into the Pedigree Publications printing plant, stole 10,000 copies of a new police booklet on crime prevention.

The Bad Seed. In London, after arresting 15-year-old Frank Watt and a 17-year-old companion for robbing Watt's stepfather of \$5 at knifepoint, police found an entry in Frank's diary: "Day off, go home and kill mum and dad, then take money."

Bite of Austerity. In Dallas, Tim McNulty won a divorce and custody of his false teeth after he testified that his toothless wife appropriated the plates because they couldn't afford a second pair, repaid the loan by biting him.

Qualification. In San Antonio, fined \$15 for driving without a license, Henry Velasquez said he couldn't get one because of poor eyesight, told authorities his job: car jockey in a parking lot.

Business Expense. In Denver, Laundress Velma Dunlap won a divorce after she told the judge that her husband gave her money only once during their marriage, when he forked over \$4 so she could advertise for more washing and ironing to take in.

Heal Thyself. In Kitchener, Ont., after being chased off a farm by an ax-waving farmer, shoved out of an apartment at gunpoint, threatened with death several times, punched in the nose, tossed down a flight of stairs, chased by dogs, Frank Fica decided to give up bill collecting, become a chiropractor.

Defense Rests. In Spring Lake, Mich., miffed at getting a speeding ticket that cost him \$28.85, Norman DeVecht spotted a police car parked behind the city hall, was scheduled for another arraignment after he ripped off its siren, stop sign and red warning light, twisted a windshield wiper, bent a spotlight mounting, dented the roof.

No Confidence. In Brixham, England, Mrs. Rhoda Clarke refused to pay a £1 (\$2.80) dog license, told a magistrate's court the things she was protesting: "H-bomb tests, German rearmament, the flouting of the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Human Rights, and British Government policy."



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